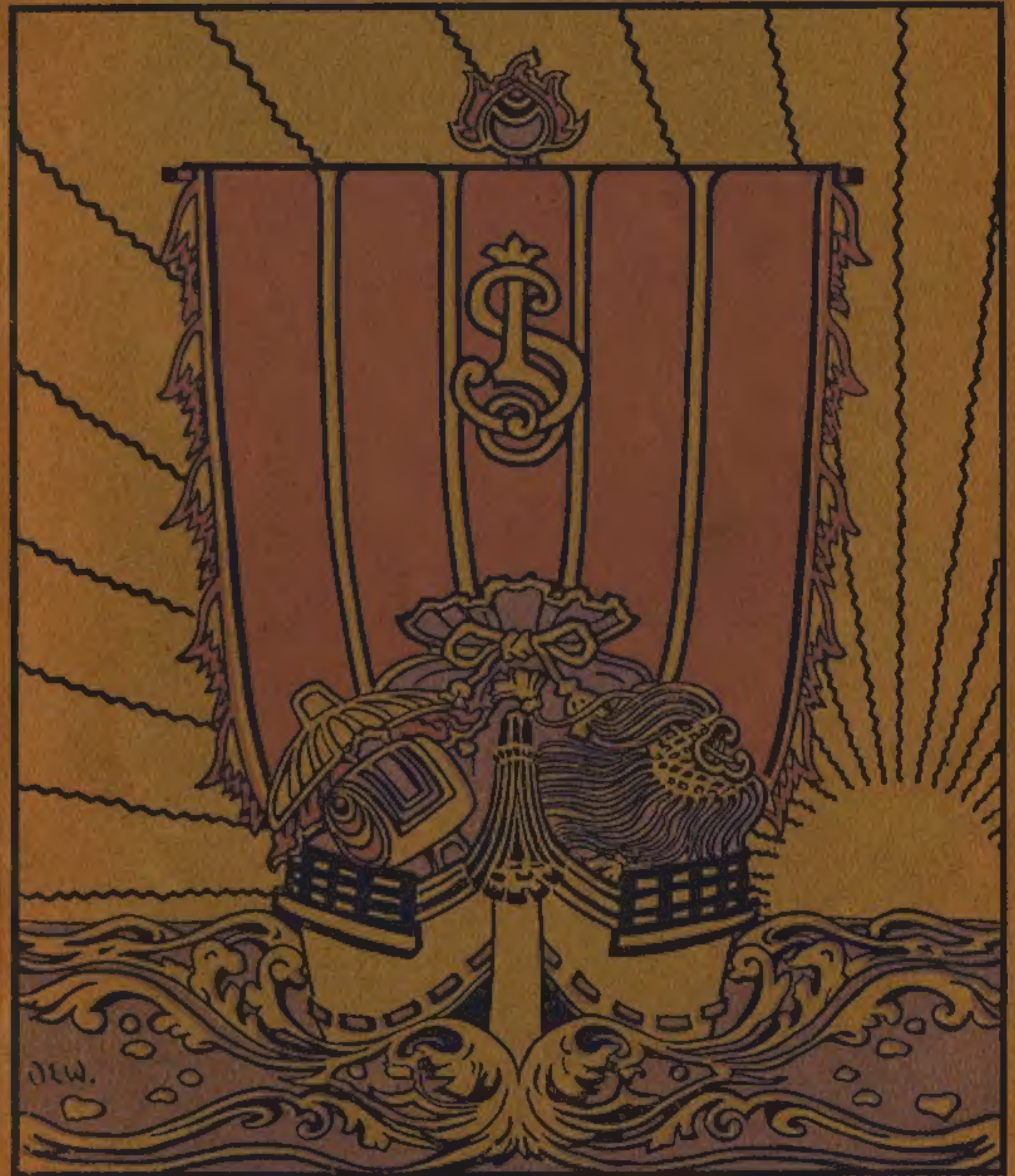


# FORWARD



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No. 2

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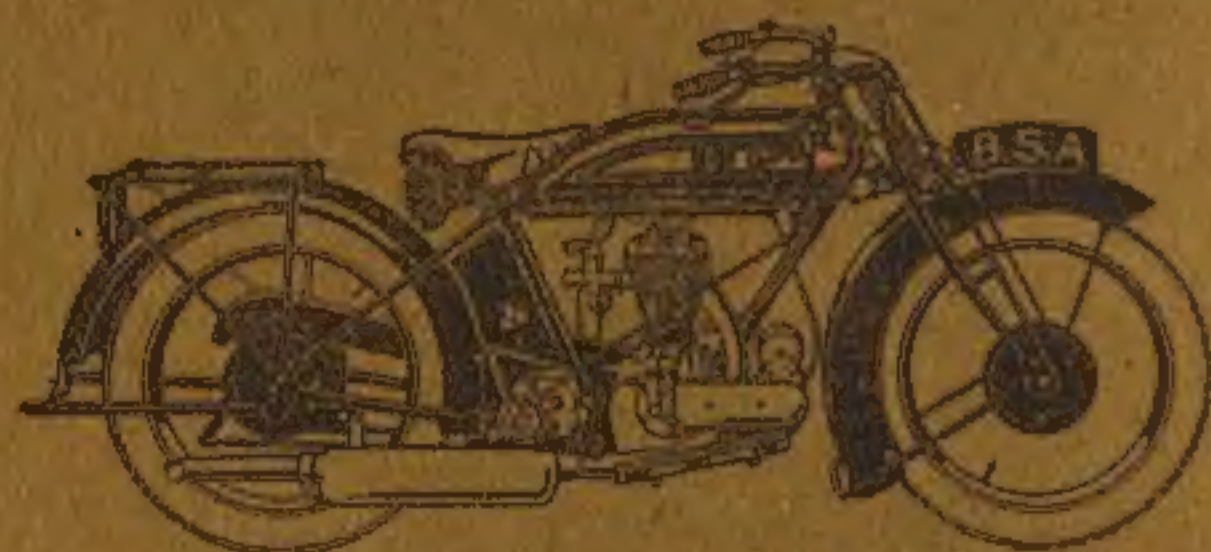
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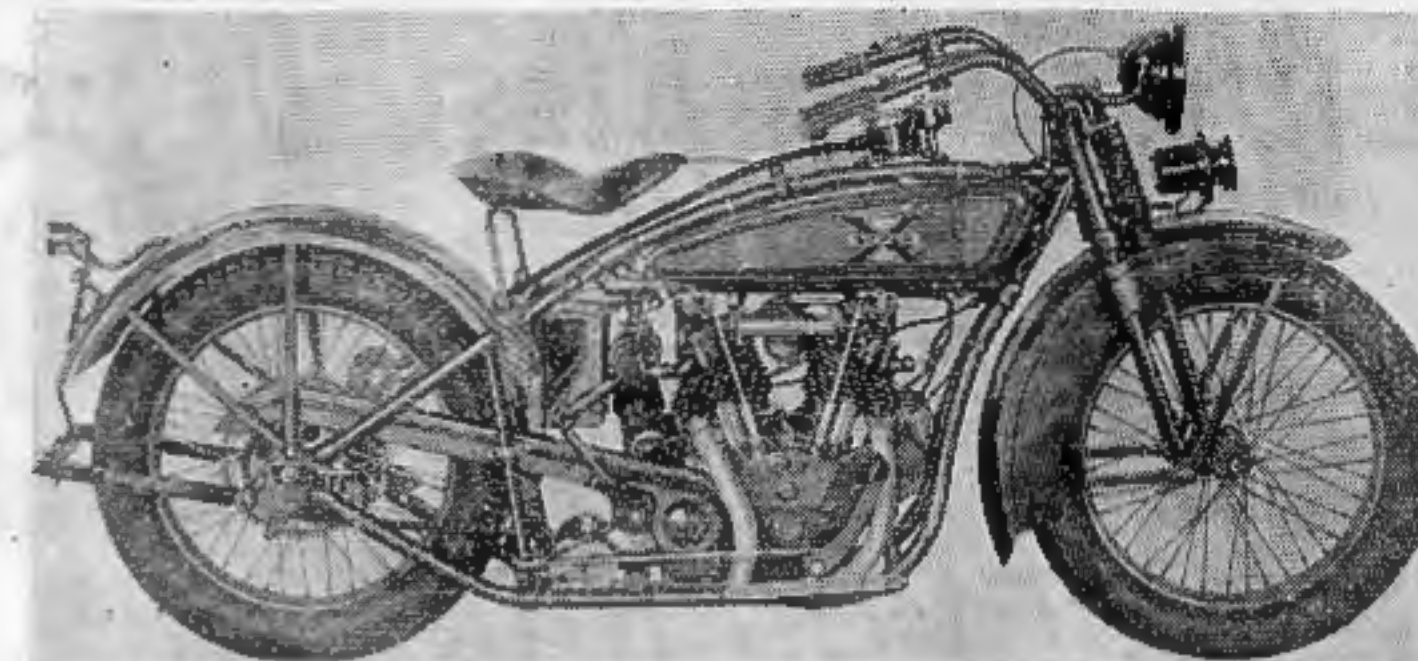
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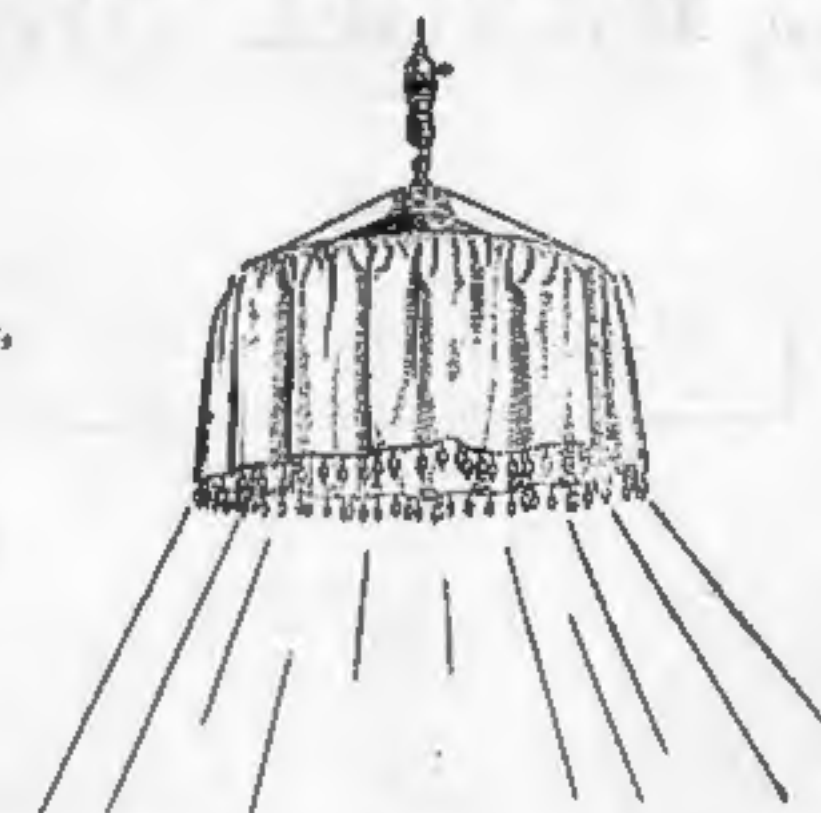
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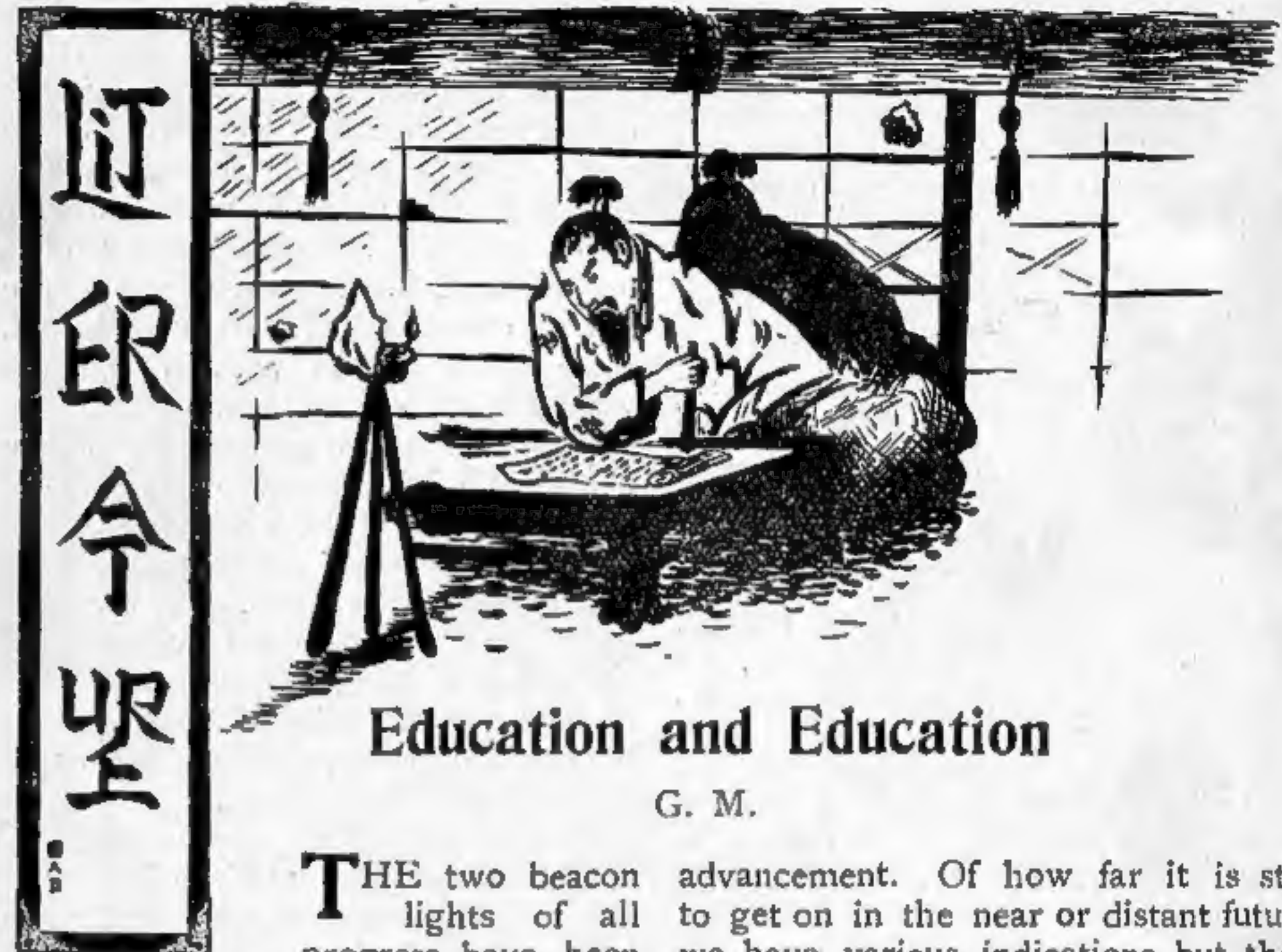
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## Education and Education

G. M.

**T**HE two beacon lights of all progress have been and ever shall be religion and education. For each successive by-gone age these two beacons have flared from the misty shores a far-borne "Come ahead!" to the good ship of state.

Religion and education are also the props of true civilization. They do indeed seem to stand apart but, for a reflecting mind, it is not hard to discover the vital nexus between them. The discussion of religion we lay aside with but one significant remark: our modern educational world is breaking away from religion or is actually warring against it, and thereby hangs a tale we fain would tell. But our purpose is only a little survey of the intellectual counterpart of religion viz. education, and that in its general trend in our own times.

The world has gotten far on indeed in the matter of progress or general

advancement. Of how far it is still to get on in the near or distant future we have various indications but they are luminous. Still, no matter how rapid or how extensive the world's progress may come to be, education, besides being the cause of the progress, shall ever be the rule wherewith to measure its height and depth and breadth. Progress there is and everybody realizes what education has to do with it and so this word has come to be a shibboleth among the civilized peoples of the world. Everybody is mouthing it and everybody is preoccupied about the things it stands for—knowledge, learning, culture; all the more, as nowadays one gets paid, and in goodly measure, for what one *knows* rather than for what one *does*. For this there is no help since complex social and economic situations have made things list that way; neither is there anything wrong in getting out of one's education an ample compensation for what one has



it—such being intrinsic to the purpose of all education.

It is not, however, for reasons of emolument that education is the cry of the hour but especially because the world is awakening to a fuller understanding of its vital necessity. We all know the chief causes that have conspired to bring about this awakening, while the result of it is set before our eyes in the remarkable and steady increase, the world over, of institutions of learning, of societies for promoting the cause of education, and especially of ever-increasing governmental legislation in its regard. (In our own city of Yokohama, 35 new schools are building simultaneously.)

Now the steadily growing interest in the vital question of education is very desirable in itself, for the matter is too big and far-reaching to be left get along as best it might; only it ought to concern us immensely whether the impulse be in the right direction, for, the more a force is mighty the more havoc will it create if uncontrolled or misdirected. Now there are two griefs we harbor against the modern impulse or trend in education. First, it has a wrong point of departure and secondly it is moving in the wrong direction. That is indeed a large indictment—and it has been proved—which leaves very little to be said in favor of the modern trend. There is a saving clause we must append and it gives a large opening for saying many good things about modern education withal: the impulse from a wrong point of departure and in the wrong direction is true when surveying the general educational field; but there are particular sections of the field of which it is not true; e.g. the Catholic section, the section

of certain denominations, of certain institutions.

It is regrettable that even among educational leaders there should be such widely divergent views about the real nature of so momentous a matter as education. But that only proves our contention. All these leaders are indeed convinced of its necessity and, since leaders form popular opinion, we have an explanation of the rage with which people pursue it. Yet the necessity of a thing is not at all its nature, and so if the whole machinery of education once set a going, is to run harmoniously, then, quite obviously, it must first have been constructed according to the principles underlying its real nature; otherwise instead of being a power for good, it will become an engine of destruction.

Education, like some gigantic machine, seems to consist of such an infinity of parts and functions as to baffle all analysis. It would drive us into tedium to enumerate just some of the outstanding phases of what nowadays comes under the head of education. It is precisely this perplexing multiplicity that causes what is rigorously termed *instruction* to be mistaken for what is in truth education. The two go hand in hand but they are dissociable; the one is abstractly of such limited extension compared to the other that they are quite different from each other and most of the false theories rampant in educational high places can be traced back to the fundamental error of ignoring this distinction. Instruction is only a part—and an inferior part at that—of education; it is from having been erroneously constituted the whole of education that instruction has practically destroyed the identity thereof. We can best see how instruction fills in the role of *means* to attain

education which is an *end*, by adducing a big man's analysis of it before a national convention.

"Now, what is education?" asks Archbishop Michael Curley. "An endless number of volumes have been written on the answer to that question. Libraries are filled with them; but the answers are often as numerous and varied as the individual authors. Education, in its broadest sense, might be spoken of as the experience by which intelligence is developed, knowledge acquired and character formed.

"In its narrower sense, education might be considered the work of the agencies and the institutions—the home and the school, for example, engaged in the work of developing the immature mind.

"Education has its main objective, a purpose to which all instruction contributes. Education seeks to make the acquisition of knowledge possible, to develop intelligence, to form character, and I might add that this last work is the final, the crowning work of education—the development of character.

"But in every work that tends towards an ideal, the character of the work will inevitably be shaped by one's estimate of the ideal to be reached.

"If we fail to see the soul in man, if we fail to see the hand of God in and on man, and if we fail to realize that man was made not for this vale of tears, but for a greater, a wider and unending world beyond, then our ideals of education will fall short of what they ought to be. When we speak of education as the acquiring and the forming of character, we are speaking of the human being that was created by God, for God, that is going back to God."

In such manner does this educator cleave a distinction between the two component elements of the process of education.

Incidentally it might be pointed out that these lines of the Educator-Archbishop corroborate both what we said at the outset about the vital connection between ideal education and true religion and the woful insufficiency of modern pseudoeducation to do valid service for the genuine article. That only the kind of education we conceive of and hold to is the source as well as the measure of true progress can be seen from what the Archbishop says a little further on: "In spite of our advancement, in spite of all our boasted progress, our greatest need is not to go forward, but to go backward. The only real way that we can make progress is by going backward—backward to the Man, divine and human, Who restored all men and all the children of men to their place in creation."

There is need then for modern education not exactly to go ahead, at least not in the path it now treads of endless ramification and ever-widening extension of mere instruction; but rather to hark back to the old ideal of true education and then to advance steadily towards it. What would come of such procedure has long ago been exhaustively told by every real *educator* who has undertaken to defend the old ideal against modern shams: the procedure would simply revolutionize the world for the better and would be the almost instantaneous solution of most of its *problems*.

We here at St. Joseph's College pretend to be followers of this ideal and as such we make bold to acclaim ourselves zealots for the true



advancement both of the young folks confided to our care and of the state for whose citizenship they are training. We ought not indeed stand back thus and complacently look ourselves over as an academic somebody but it is surely worthwhile to pause and see if we square with the ideal we are bent on realizing. And we are pleased

to note that we have not swerved from it; that we mean to go on in pursuit of it and thus really to progress since Forward is our cry. May all who agree with us rally round the flag of education and aid us in whatever way they can, especially by providing the sinews of war, to keep aloft the noble banner.

## Japan at the Foot of the Cross

F. Clarke '27

**G**RAY, cold winter is spent, and the gentle spring with its paradise of cherry blossoms heralds the coming of Easter to Japan. Yes, Easter when Jesus Christ our Redeemer rose in radiant triumph from the tomb of Calvary. Alas, only the few, favored souls born of the true faith and sanctified by the grace of the Lamb, welcome this grand festival to the shores of the pagan Rising Sun. Yet as I wistfully gaze into the misty future, the veil of years seems withdrawn as by an unseen hand, disclosing a most startling vision.

It is Calvary, and on the cross looming against the sky, Our Divine Lord is suffering the crucifixion of long ago. But the companion crosses are not there; neither the small group of faithful hearts that broke when Jesus was actually dying. In their stead, there is a weary dark-robed figure clinging to the cross's foot. His robes are tattered, his face is drawn, and his shoulders droop from exhaustion, but the fire in his eye is strangely indicative of the soul that burns within him. From time to time he turns his loving gaze to the suffering Saviour, breathing a word-

less prayer, and then this look shifts to the deserted pathway of the hidden valley below.

At last a lone figure, climbing the incline with a rather ceremonious step greets his gaze. His calm, inexpressive features, his tall cylindrical headgear of rich brocade, his fancifully embroidered purple coat, with a fan in one hand and a string of beads in the other, proclaim him a bonze of culture and wealth. Gaining the summit he takes in his surroundings with bewilderment, and his stoical features sharpen into angles, betraying consternation. Sighting the missionary he speaks in a quavering voice:

"Sir, do you know what this place can be? I was just headed for the 'Amidaiji' temple, where I was to preside at the grand ceremony held after the burial of a noted millionaire, when I came up here. It is really strange that this should happen, perhaps my prayers were ineffective this morning, and I have been bewitched by those dreadful foxes who have led me astray.

"Have you not come this way to worship God?" interrupted the missionary. The bonze retreated a pace

as if struck by an invisible force and gasped:

"G—od! worship G—od! Whatever do you mean? I know no god but the god of Good—living, else why exist in this irksome world. Besides in these fleeting moments that I live as man, my heart's desire is to 'taste life's enjoyments to the fullest measure, for who knows what form I shall have to take when I am reborn. I am not a fool. My god is the god of Good—living and this god I adore."

"Do you not know the Saviour Who died to save mankind? These loving words fell from the missionary's tired lips, and his shrivelled hand was raised to the face of Jesus imploringly. The bonze stopped, and looked up into the countenance of the Saviour patient in agony. Then for a wonderful moment the drooping lids opened wide, and the eyes of the Light of the World looked into the poor pagan's eyes, while their rays pierced his soul thru and thru. The bonze dropped to his knees and bowing his head voiced an ardent prayer:

"Tenno Kamisama, (God of the heavens) Thou art the One True God Whom the universe acclaims. I have long been in the mists but now I see. Show unto me the way and I will follow Thee."

By this time another figure had appeared on the pathway up the incline. A striking flower-like figure and as it neared the painted doll-like face, with the raven black hair dressed up in a shapely fashion was plainly visible. Several jewelled combs and little ornaments sparkled in her hair, whilst the silk coat of an exquisite cherry blossom design partly displayed the splendid girdle, and the rich kimono beneath. The

small feet encased in silken socks with the dainty clogs announced her a geisha of the garden of Japan. Reaching the crest she paused in her rhythmic walk and with child-like wonderment looked about her with a puzzled expression. One bud-like hand went to her tiny mouth but did not suppress the exclamation: "Ara," then seeing the missionary she inquired:

"Please Sir, what place is this? Can you tell me? I was just on my way to Hibia park, to take part in the lovely cherry-blossom dance when I found myself up here. It is so strange, for I was almost at the park gates when things seemed to change all at once."

"Have you not come to worship God?" The same question.

"G—od! She ejaculated. "G—od! Who is He? Surely there is no god but the god of Dancing. Look at the spring and look at the flowers. Do they not bid you to dance and be gay. Look at the fresh green leaves, how they dance and frolic in the breeze. Look at the joyous brook, how it dances and sings on its way. All nature dances and sings to your heart. Life is a dance, and the Dance—god is sweet to adore."

"Do you not know the Saviour Who died to save mankind?" The selfsame words with the wasted arm raised to the crucified Redeemer. Startled, the geisha looked up to the cross, and as those eyes of love and mercy encountered her own, she saw light, and falling to the ground she wept like a child.

"Tenno-Kamisama, forgive me my foolish vanities. My soul is yours, Thou art the One True God. Lead me and I will follow Thee."



Other steps were then heard upon the slope, and a bent, toiling figure came into view. His brown haggard features covered with the dust and grime of many a long league, revealed more than a physical exhaustion. A miserable, straw-woven hat covered his head, and his torn kimono was a bundle of rags. On his bent back was a coarse, canvas bag containing some rice, and the straw sandals he wore but ill-protected his bleeding feet. In his right hand was an old staff on which he heavily leaned, and in his left he held a chaplet of bells to beg alms on his weary way. He was a pilgrim of the temples. Gaining the summit, he stopped a short moment to catch his labored breath, but did not show the least surprise of wonder at his surroundings. Then recovering, he lifted his gaze to the face of Jesus, and a wonderful light was slowly reflected in the pilgrim's wasted features. The eyes of the Redeemer so full in its ocean of love and mercy looked tenderly upon him and upon his soul, and in a glorious moment one nail-pierced hand of Jesus left its cruel nail and beckoned to him, whilst His mute lips seemed to say:

"Come to me all ye that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you." The pilgrim then advanced to

the foot of the cross and falling in adoration exclaimed:

"Thru all these long years, I have been worshipping the god of Undying Faith and throughout the land of Shadows I have wandered in its wake and at last the morn has dawned in Thee." A joyous smile seemed to flicker about the Saviour's parched lips.

Gradually a whole multitude had assembled one by one on the hillside and arranged themselves about the cross on the summit. All came in darkness and saw light, and the whole swelling congregation knelt in adoration. Then came a period of darkness and the scene on the hillside was all shrouded. But soon a growing brightness suffused the sky and shot into the horizon, and the rising sun in all its flaming glory peeped over the eastern hill-tops to greet the Easter morn. With one accord the kneeling multitude on the eminence arose, and lifted their voices in glorious unison, and it seemed as if an angel chorus had now joined them as the grand harmony was borne away on the morning breeze:

"Praise be to the Lord, Who on this day rose from death, and Who has now guided us unto His fold," for Japan was at last at the foot of the cross.

## Laredo

By V. Kulikoff '27

**A** WHIRLING cloud of dust, a clattering of hoofs and a youthful horseman speeding away over the highroad. The manner in which he urged on his horse proved him both a bold aswellas skillful rider. He was the son of a Duke of the Terek valley, a district in the

Caucasus. The old Duke was influential and possessed enormous wealth, not however in estate but in cash coin. A drab little village perched on a top-hat plateau served him as domain. His tenants herded their small, shaggy goats among the purple peaks. Below, a narrow valley cleft the hills and beyond, was the great circular bay that skirted the mountainous cliffs of red sand stone. A rambling stream, copious, ice-cold and sandy water emptied into the fertile plain of Karagez. In this vast country, there dwelt the roaming tribe of Kirghises. They gained their livelihood by hunting and pasturing their herds of horses—horses that were known to be the swiftest in all Asia. And by these raiders the Duke's last caravan, bound for India, had been robbed. So in order to make matters less hazardous, the wily Duke had engaged his pretty daughter to their chief. And it was her brother Serge that was the rider of the highroad bearing the grave tidings to her lover—a merchant in this silent valley by the name of Natziantz. It was after sundown, and the shades of night were swiftly clothing the forest in obscurity. Slumbering auls (hamlets) grew like shadows in his path. He stopped on an eminence and waited nervously for Natziantz. The stillness was so solemn that the creaking noise of an abra (cart) and the slow falling hoofbeats of its team easily reached his ears. The moon came up. Objects began to take shape and the trees stood forth from the gloom of the night. A silvery light poured into the valley and crept softly over the neighbouring hilltops. He could faintly make out the Natziantz shop. It was closed. Soon the door swung open and a yellowish light shone down the staircase. A dark figure

cloaked in a huge caftan emerged from the hut. Serge at once recognised the shambling gait of Natziantz, and lifting himself lightly to the saddle he darted down the slope. In another minute he was at Natziantz's side. His eyes flashed excitement as he delivered his message. Natziantz stood silent and morose. He wanted his sweetheart by all means, but he could not fight for her: he had no chance against Jigit (chief of Kirghises). The only way out was to get Serge agoing.

"Listen, my friend," started the man with an ax to grind, bending forward and rubbing his great hands. "I promise you a nice pony. You know Gorgen's Laredo? Well it shall be yours if you help me in this affair."

A moment Serge stood there in bewilderment, then he reeled back until his shoulders came to rest against the horse, and stared in dazed amazement. "You...get me ...Laredo?" He dared not believe it.

"Yes, be here on the morrow at sunrise," continued Natziantz, smiling. Gorgen is to call here about that time. You hide in this stack of hay! (he pointed to a pile of hay that lay scattered near the fence.) Then, mind, as soon as Gorgen goes into the hut, seize the horse and gallop away. Your next job will be to get me your sister."

Serge nodded, and rode away musing over his future possession. He was to become the master of Laredo, the Speed-Demon of Asia; the idea pleased him. It is quite natural, that the best horse and the best rider go hand in hand. Gorgen, a Kirghis, an attaché to Jigit had the reputation of being the best rider of the plains.



Towards break of day, before the sun had lifted its glowing disk above the horizon, Serge crawled into the pile of hay and looked impatiently at the winding trail.

The morning was not far advanced when he perceived a rider. A strange thrill ran thru him. It was Gurgun. He wore a red beshmet (overcoat), a Caucasian cowl and a huge fur hat that was perched sideways on his head.

Gurgun rode into the yard, dismounted and entered the hut, Serge's heart thumped. He rushed wildly from his concealment and swung into the saddle. Laredo gave a great leap, cleared the low fence and dashed down the road until the forest of graceful needles shimmering in the amber sunlight swallowed him. Slowly the dust settled and all was still as before. A few minutes later Gurgun reappeared on the threshold. His face paled and his lips tightened. He was stunned to stupefaction; his last and only treasure had been stolen from him.

Gurgun grew restless. All night long he sat in the tent, holding his head in his hands. Artash, his brother, offered him some food, he put it aside, gazing blankly and shaking his head. In this way, a few weeks rolled by. The two brothers, with muskets strapped to their shoulders and swinging rhythmically to the light gallop of their horses headed for Terek valley, commenced the search. They trotted thru the forest and visited every aul but Laredo was nowhere to be found.



LAREDO

It was growing dark as they turned into a narrow trail that lead to the Duke's village. Suddenly Artash halted, a stifled cry escaped his lips, and drawing out his pistol he aimed.

Gurgun threw his gaze in that direction, a faint color stirred in his haggard cheeks as he beheld Serge, who rode Laredo. He was followed by two of his tenants and a veiled girl walked behind.

"Don't shoot!," burst out Gurgun. "Take this short cut over the hill. Get the girl and ride into this meadow and let her down to the ground. Quick."

Artash sent his steed galloping forward. Gurgun went slowly into the thickets that surrounded the verdant meadow. He watched from behind the bushes. He saw Artash swing thru a canyon and speed off parallel to the road. Then not lessening his speed he caught the girl and threw her across the saddle in front and spurred into the meadow. Then bending down from his saddle he let the unconscious body fall.

Serge, terrified to death, followed him closely. He stopped, jumped from the horse and stooped over his sister. At the same moment Gurgun gave a thrilling cry of triumph, leaped towards the stallion and lifting himself to the saddle cooed Laredo into his own inimitable stride and disappeared in the darkness.

The Sun had gone down and blue shadows were creeping softly over the plain of Karagez. Yet the last glow settled at the tip of the yellow

peak on the distant Terek hill, and the world faded drowsily into the mellow shades of twilight. As the tip of the peak melted into the soft

gray of the sky Gurgun heard boisterous voices in song. These were the wedding chants of the inhabitants of the Karagez valley.

## The Tragedy of the Swamp

By A. Dresser '27

THE red sun rose from the placid sea, and the ruddy light glittered on the grey surface of the sleeping monster, hiding many a mystery within its quiet face. The oblique sun shone directly against a grey pile of rocks, jutting from the swelling waters, behind which lay a white and beautiful shore.

There on the even sands, some forlorn, bedraggled figures could be seen moving slowly towards the interior. They were castaways, the sole survivors of the night's terrible storm which shattered their vessel on the reef. All were bare-footed, and walked painfully along the beach. Here and there they paused to view masses of wreckage which had been washed ashore by the waves. This was all that was left of their ship. It was gloom roundabout only the breaking of the waves upon the shore broke the monotonous silence. Soon the group turned away from the beach and entered the dense forest which tho bordering the sea, covered, the strange land for many a mile. As the day advanced the heat grew more oppressive, and as they penetrated farther and farther in search of a stream or pool to extinguish their thirst the trees became shorter and the tangling underbrush thickened. At length they came to a swamp whose miasmic vapors poisoned the

air about. They skirted it for a long distance, but it gave no sign of ending.

Here and there bubbles burst upon the filthy surface, and the smell that prevailed was the smell of death. Undeterred by the fever that racked them they fought on, and though the canopy of dense evergreens shut out the scorching rays of the sun, the shade brought no relief. Tracing a way thru the swamp, they struggled on. Everyone thought of the night before, and of his near and dear ones whom he was quite sure he would nevermore see.

Thus they had begun to roam through forest and swamp, over hill and dale of the African shore, hoping finally to chance upon some human habitations whether of savages or civilized men.

Day after day they struggled on, even after several of this unfortunate band had found their graves in the brown swamp of the strange land. The day came when they finally separated into two parties, to try their luck in saving their lives by taking another direction. Several tried in vain to oppose the separation of the lonely crowd, but six desperate, hungry, selfish men left the group early in the morning never to meet on earth again.



There among them was a little lad of about eleven years of age, who stood crying with arms outstretched towards the departing group. The men were surprised to see a child like this among them. A shrunken grey-beard in a tattered uniform with tarnished gold band that denoted the rank of captain, advanced and carried the child in his arms. Many gentle questions were put to the poor boy but not one was answered to the satisfaction of the wandering crowd. The child clung hard to the brown neck of the generous man. The crowd of thirteen, resumed their weary march.

Many a mile of strange, treacherous swamp land was crossed, with captain and steward looking after the boy.

They forced their way through a patch of tall reeds that formed an alley between the mangroves. Their faces smarted from the bites of the mosquitoes that each footfall started up from the ground. Their bare arms and knees were cut by thorns and their white shirts were torn to tatters. There was oppression in their chests and burning in their parched throats. To drag along their tired, aching limbs demanded their utmost energy and will-power and courage, but they tried hard to prevent scratches for the poor child. Soon they wandered into an open place where the rest of the group had been waiting.

"Say Cap! We cannot continue like this any longer; leave the kid to shift for himself, and we will try our last effort for these few days, or we must satisfy our hunger with this young tender flesh. Do you hear it cap't?" broke out one of the rough looking sailors.

"What's the idea Don!, you keep your dry mouth shut, or you will be

the tender flesh." The captain's sunburnt and bearded face, fierce redrimmed eyes flashed from under his old battered cap and his brown hairy arm held the hilt of his dagger in his belt.

Already the rest of the crowd had made a ring around them. In a few minutes time they were facing each other, eyes gleaming into eyes. They circled around, with long, slow strides, but such careful work suited not the desperate Don. Suddenly he leaped, but his calm enemy cleverly sidestepped him. Another leap, but this time the captain held his ground. His left hand gripped the other's right wrist with a grip of steel. Backward it was forced and Don's back was bent with it. Then the captain raised his other hand and made the fatal thrust.

No voice escaped the onlookers' lips, but the young child ran to him to be pressed hard to the heaving chest of the victor.

The ever diminishing crowd continued to roam through the swamps for their lives. Many invisible animals blundered off at a gallop through the undergrowth.

Another weary day passed and in the evening the burning sun was low in the western sky. The brown, gigantic body of the ship's carpenter fell dead with a splash into the ever bubbling swamp, poisoned by the unknown berries eaten in starvation.

The captain, the steward and the young boy were far behind, staggering slowly, following the deep footmarks made in the swamp. The captain's strength was fast failing. The child leaning on the steward's arm dragged his heavy feet behind him.

The night passed and the red sun rose sadly among the tall strange

tree-tops. But the poor captain's kind heart was still. He lay cross-shaped on the cold ground.

The steward succeeded to the sacred guardianship of the child, but neither of them could now last very long. In the wilderness the steward stopped to rest for a day or two. He gathered some dry wood and made a small fire. The child gladly slept to dream of happier days.

As the sun lowered, and the miserable fire was slowly dying out, there rose in the cool evening air, a uneasy feeling around the dying fire. The child was gone, he slept forever on the cool ground, never more to meet his kind guardian until the great day.

The steward's grief was great. His last comrade on this lonely earth was gone, gone forever from his side.

He staggered on for a few days within him, but his end was fast approaching. He collapsed. His knees bent and he sank to the soft slimy ground, never to rise from it again.

But he shall be re-united in his immortal spirit— who can doubt it?— with the child, where he and the poor captain shall be raised up with the words. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

## A Little Problem

By John S. Boyd, B. Sc., St. I.E.E., '19

**I** STAND on the bank by the side of a railway. On the line is a handsome Pullman car; close to the line I have fixed two pegs, one red and the other blue, and they exactly mark the ends of the coach and indicate its length. Then, without leaving my observation-post on the bank, and with my face turned towards the middle of the coach, I give orders for the coach to be drawn back and coupled to the locomotive of unheard-of power, which is to carry the coach past me at a fantastic speed, million times faster than mere engineer could provide! I assume further that my retina is perfect, and is so constituted that the visual impressions will remain on it only as long as the light which causes them. However

please note that these rather arbitrary suppositions count for nothing in the essence of the demonstration. They are only for the sake of convenience.

Now for the question. Will the coach (which I assume to be of some right metal), as it passes before me at full speed, seem to me exactly the same length as it did when it was at rest? In other words, at the moment when I see its front end coincide with the blue peg I had planted, shall I see its back end coincide at the same time with the red peg? Classic science will tell you that the answer is affirmative—but the modern research says "No", and here is a simple proof in support.

Remember that I am on the edge of the track, at an equal distance from



both pegs. When the front end of the coach coincides with the blue peg, it sends towards my eye a certain ray of light (which, for convenience, we will call the front ray), and this coincides with the luminous peg coming from the blue peg. This front ray reaches my eye *at the same time* as a certain ray (the back ray) from the rear end of the coach. Does the back ray coincide with the ray that comes to me from the red peg? Clearly not. The front ray leaves the front end of the coach at the same time as the back ray leaves the back end. But the front end of the coach is receding from me while the back end is approaching me. Hence the front ray travels towards my eye more slowly than the back ray, though, of course I cannot perceive this, as, when they reach me. I find that they both have the same velocity. Hence the back ray, which reaches my eye the same time as the front ray, must have left the back end of the coach later than the front ray left the front end of the coach. Therefore, when I see the front end of the coach coincide with the blue peg, I at the same time see the back end of the carriage *after* it has passed the red peg. Therefore, the length of the coach travelling at full speed, and such as it appears to me, is shorter than the distance between the two pegs, which indicated the length of the coach at rest.

Q.E.D.

## Example

Lorentz's formula states that, if  $v$  be the velocity of the light and  $v$  the velocity of the body in ether, the length of the moving body will be shortened, in the plane of its progress, in proportion of

$$1 \cdot \left(1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}\right)^{\frac{1}{2}}$$

$$50 \cdot \left(\frac{100,000^2}{186,000^2}\right)^{\frac{1}{2}}$$

That is approximately, 26.9 ft.





## FRANÇAIS

### Visite de Son Excellence Monsieur Paul Claudel

F. Clarke '27

Le premier février au matin, Monsieur le Directeur nous fit savoir que Son Excellence l'Ambassadeur de France viendrait nous faire une visite dans l'après-midi. Tout le monde sourit à cette annonce. Les classes furent abrégées un peu, et après le diner on fit les derniers préparatifs pour recevoir un hôte aussi distingué.

A trois heures un coup de cloche donne le signal du rassemblement, et nous voici réunis dans la plus grande salle de classe. Quelques minutes après notre hôte fait son entrée. Son Excellence est accompagnée de Mlle. Renée Claudel, de sa Grandeur Mgr. Rey, de Mr. le Consul de France à Yokohama, et de Mr. le Capitaine Le Men, Commandant du "Sphinx" des Messageries Maritimes. La Marseillaise accueille nos visiteurs qui debout sur l'estrade semblent ravis d'entendre chanter l'hymne national à 16000 Km de la patrie. Le premier chant exécuté, Monsieur le Directeur met son Excellence au courant de l'histoire du Collège St. Joseph. Il parle succinctement, de son développement, de ses succès, de son anéantissement en 1923, et de sa résurrection. Monsieur Paul Claudel écoute avec attention et intérêt ce petit compte-rendu, soulignant par un petit mouvement de tête les passages les plus remarquables.

Après Monsieur le Directeur, notre camarade Kulikoff vient au nom des élèves présenter ses félicitations, ses remerciements, et ses regrets au nouvel ambassadeur de France à Washington. Il remercie d'abord Son Excellence pour l'intérêt qu'elle a témoigné au Collège St Joseph, et cela surtout lors du cataclysme de 1923. Ce souvenir du tremblement de terre et les nombreux amis faits au Japon font une impression profonde sur Monsieur Paul Claudel. En effet, après "l'Avalanche de Barèges" chantée à quatre voix, notre noble visiteur, dans une réponse touchante et très émue, nous fait mieux comprendre combien est grande la perte que nous faisons. Dans des mots bien sentis il nous fait ressortir la valeur de l'éducation donnée par des religieux. Passant ensuite au tremblement de terre, et aux épreuves vécues ensemble l'émotion étreint l'orateur et nous voyons combien est profond son amour pour notre Collège, et son amour pour le Japon. Enfin Son Excellence promet de ne pas nous oublier de l'autre côté du Pacifique, et comme souvenir de cette visite, elle voulut bien nous accorder un jour de congé.

Une troisième fois nos voix s'unissent et un chant de "Bon voyage" termine cette touchante cérémonie.



M. Paul CLAUDEL,  
Ambassadeur de France.



## Une malheureuse partie de chasse

V. Kulikoff '27

Les aventures ne sont pas rares en Mongolie. Pendant les grandes vacances j'en ai eu toute une série dans la même journée. Le cinq août avait été choisi pour faire une partie de chasse avec trois amis. Papa nous prêta volontiers son automobile pour parcourir les trente milles qui nous séparent du lieu d'excursion. Les tribulations commencèrent dès le matin.

Tout d'abord nous fûmes arrêtés par un soldat chinois qui nous prit pour des contrebandiers. Après force gestes, cris et menaces il ne put que nous laisser passer, notre bagage ne contenant aucun article prohibé. D'ailleurs quelques pièces de monnaie eurent vite fait de calmer son zèle. Arrivés au terrain de chasse chacun quitte l'automobile, un bon et solide "Cadillac" construit pour durer longtemps dans ces régions où les routes n'existent guère.

Les heures de chasse passent vite en marches et contremarches mais pas de gibier en vue. On dirait que toutes les bêtes se sont donné le mot. Seule une oie sauvage ose nous narguer et nous la manquons. Nous espérons tuer beaucoup de bécasses nous n'en avons pas vu une seule. Au lunch de midi on constate que le cuisinier a oublié deux ou trois articles indispensables. Le soir nous remon- tons dans notre automobile estomac et sac vides et naturellement personne ne semble de bonne humeur. Nous voici donc en train de traverser le plateau de Halha. Tout marche bien

jusqu'à la région plus accidentée, où la piste fait de nombreuses courbes. Les phares allumés nous avançons plus doucement. Tout à coup, à un tournant, nous voyons deux blocs de pierre sur la piste. Il faut ralentir et s'arrêter afin de voir comment tourner l'obstacle. L'automobile n'est pas encore stoppée que deux coups de fusil nous expliquent, en une seconde, la cause de cette obstruction. Les brigands sont là; nous sommes tombés entre les mains des brigands. Résister serait de la folie, nous, à quatre, avec nos fusils de chasse, contre Dieu sait combien de brigands armés de "Mauser" dernier modèle. Six brigands s'approchent et nous font signe de nous rendre. Nous nous arrêtons donc et sur un signe du chef nous descendons de voiture. Une sueur froide perle sur mon front, mes mains tremblent et mes jambes refusent presque de me soutenir. Les quelques brigands visibles nous emmènent à cinquante pas de la piste, nous fouillent et nous désarment. Ensuite ils nous quittent et se dirigent vers l'auto. Notre stupeur est à son comble car en un instant la machine, avec une petite secousse, commence à se déplacer, et la voilà partie avec ses nouveaux propriétaires tandis que nous sommes plantés là, à 35 Km de toute habitation, dévalisés mais encore en vie.

Cette journée m'a dégoûté à jamais de la chasse et les bécasses de la plaine de Halha peuvent bien vivre en paix, Valdemar n'ira plus les déranger.

## Echoué

C. Mahlmann '28

Les premiers jours de classe après les vacances, nous pèsent toujours et les congés de samedi après-midi ramènent à notre esprit le souvenir des semaines passées en famille. Il y a deux mois Charlie voulut se débarrasser de ce malaise et l'aventure qu'il eut à cette occasion restera longtemps gravée dans la mémoire des autres pensionnaires.

Le premier samedi après la rentrée, les pensionnaires allèrent faire une partie de football. Ce jeu ne plut qu'à moitié à quelques jeunes philosophes qui préférèrent une lecture attrayante au bord de la mer, aux coups de pied donnés ou reçus. Ce jour-là Charlie, pour la première fois loua un petit bateau, et après quelques tours alla narguer les autres philosophes assis sur les rochers au bord de l'eau. "Qui veut venir avec moi?" leur dit-il. Tout le monde s'offre, mais Charlie a soin de ne pas s'approcher trop près des rochers. — "Voyez-vous, c'est moi qui suis le capitaine Charlie. Regardez-moi donc ramer" et la harangue de continuer. Au bout d'une demi-heure, il consent à prendre René comme second, et les voilà partis au large. René veut ramer aussi, mais Charlie le reprend: "C'est moi le Commandant; quelle calamité si, en ramant maladroitement, vous nous faites chavirer." La promenade se poursuit avec Charlie le prétentieux et ce gros René dont le poids a triplé le tirant d'eau du petit bateau. Tantôt c'est l'un qui rame, tantôt l'autre. Quelquefois les deux travaillent ensemble. Tout à coup René touche le fond avec une rame. — "Attention" dit-il, "je crois que ce n'est pas profond par ici."

"Tais-toi, répond Charlie, je sais où je dirige et je connais mon métier." Il le connut si bien qu'un instant après ils étaient solidement échoués sur un banc de sable à cent mètres du rivage. L'équipage travaille de son mieux et fait des efforts héroïques pour mettre le bateau à flot, mais comme la marée baisse, c'est peine perdue.

Sur le rivage le signal du départ vient d'être donné. Les philosophes se sont mis en route pour rejoindre les joueurs de football, tandis que le maître attend au bord de la mer que nos hardis navigateurs reviennent. Quinze minutes se passent et le bateau semble au même endroit. Devinant la cause de ce stationnement le surveillant s'en va appeler le propriétaire afin de porter secours aux naufragés. Pendant ce temps Charlie et son second n'apercevant plus leur professeur se croient abandonnés. Charlie, le brave capitaine, commandant en chef le sauvetage de son équipage donne l'ordre d'évacuer le bateau. Sans perdre un instant avec ses souliers jaunes aux pieds, son pantalon neuf et ses jolis bas bruns il saute dans la mer et traverse la baie avec de l'eau jusqu'à mi-jambe. René lui conseille d'enlever au moins les souliers et les bas et de relever le pantalon. Pour toute réponse Charlie accélère sa marche à travers l'eau. Alors le second, le gros René, stimulé par l'exemple et pressé lui aussi, ne peut qu'imiter son capitaine. Une minute après le surveillant revint avec du secours mais nos deux bonshommes étaient déjà sains et saufs à terre. Quant au bateau il n'avait qu'à se débrouiller comme l'avait fait son capitaine.



## Perdu par Jalousie

John Walker '28

L'an dernier, je suis allé voir les courses au lycée de K.....Là j'ai été témoin d'un petit incident où la jalousie a perdu un des meilleurs coureurs.

La dernière course de deux cents mètres va avoir lieu et les six gagnants des éliminations successives se mettent à la ligne de départ. "Pan!" le coup de pistolet, signal de la course, part et nos jeunes gens s'élancent sur la piste. C'est à qui arrivera le premier au tournant pour abréger la course. Chacun fait de son mieux; chacun tend à être premier; chacun veut gagner la belle petite coupe d'argent, prix de cette course. Tanaka l'emporte au commencement. Un mètre le sépare du second coureur, Abe. Mais ce dernier commence à gagner sur son rival et avant d'arriver à la courbe, il est à la même hauteur que Tanaka qui longe la ligne intérieure. Abe va l'emporter. Alors une

méchante pensée de jalousie traverse l'esprit de Tanaka. Celui-ci, veut donner un coup d'épaule à son adversaire pour l'écarter du tournant et lui faire perdre du terrain. Mais la loi de l'équilibre le force à écarter le pied gauche vers l'intérieur de la courbe, et le jeune homme jaloux tombe de tout son long sur la piste. Qu'était-il arrivé? Tanaka avait heurté du pied gauche le poteau limite du tournant et cette rencontre l'avait fait trébucher.

Abe fut ainsi l'heureux gagnant de cette course et cela grâce à la jalousie et au dessein malveillant de son rival. Tanaka fut dernier pour les deux cents mètres, et une contusion l'empêcha de prendre part aux autres courses. C'est ainsi que la jalousie a entraîné avec elle une punition immédiate et bien méritée.

## Le Samurai et son point d'honneur.

C. Price '28

Quand le Grand Hideyoshi, maire du palais, résidait à Kyoto, un noble appelé Wada Saemon était arrivé à force d'énergie et de travail, à devenir comme le bras droit de son seigneur. D'un autre côté Fukushima Masanori, ami de Wada, était influent à la cour de l'empereur. Une nuit d'automne, alors que le ciel noir présageait un orage, Wada, chargé d'une mission pressante, allait d'un pas rapide vers sa destination. Subitement, à un croisement de ruelle il heurte un autre

samurai qu'il n'eut pas le temps de reconnaître. Le message était pressant et ne souffrait nul retard. C'est pour cette raison que, sans un mot d'excuse Wada courut accomplir sa mission. Le personnage qui avait été bousculé était Fukushima. Il ne put reconnaître son ami Wada, à la lueur de la faible lanterne. Or cette bousculade était, d'après l'étiquette japonaise, une grosse insulte, un outrage sanglant. Fukushima put à peine contenir sa rage et il devint comme fou de colère;

"Je jure," dit-il, "d'effacer cette tache faite à mon honneur, dut-il m'en coûter la vie. Je jure que ce vilain qui m'a bousculé, je l'immolerai aux mânes de mes ancêtres." Il voulut poursuivre le coupable, mais ses jambes tremblantes d'émotion le soutinrent à peine. Aussi après une courte pause continua-t-il sa route vers le palais de son imperial maître. En chemin il pense à l'incident et cherche à reconnaître, celui qui, à cette heure, aurait pu le bousculer. Soudain une image se présente à son esprit. Il veut la chasser mais elle ne le quitte plus. Oui, ce ne peut être que Wada Saemon son ami. Sa démarche, son pas, sa tête branlante, tout le trahit c'est certainement son ami qui l'a bousculé. Un cri de douleur à moitié étranglé dans la gorge saisit alors Fukushima et il put à peine gagner les appartements de son ami Wada. Là il s'assit et se mit à réfléchir. Il ne peut tuer Wada son ami pour venger l'insulte. Tout autre aurait été immédiatement massacré mais Wada est son ami. "Comment a-t-il pu me bousculer sans me faire d'excuses?" Ne pouvant se venger sur Wada il ne lui reste donc plus qu'à mourir. Ainsi le veut l'étiquette. Au bout d'un quart d'heure il saisit un pinceau pour écrire une lettre d'adieu, à son ami. "Je vais faire le hara-kiri pour réparer la tache, faite par vous à mon honneur. Je meurs sans aucun ressentiment contre toi, Adieu."

Puis saisissant le poignard qu'un Samurai ne quitte jamais, il regarda encore une fois la chambre de l'ami qu'il ne reverrait plus et qui était la cause involontaire de sa mort, et se plongeant l'arme dans le corps il ne tarda pas à expirer.

Pendant ce temps, Wada, sa mission accomplie, revint sur ses pas pour faire ses excuses au personnage qu'il avait si malencontreusement heurté. Recherche vaine la pluie battante avait rendu la rue déserté.

Fort ennuyé il rentra chez lui, quand, ouvrant la porte, quelqu'un de couché sur les nattes le fit trébucher. En un clin d'oeil il a tout compris et, hors de lui, s'assied, à côté du corps glacé de son ami; "J'ai causé la mort de mon ami. Jamais je ne pourrai vivre sans lui. Il ne me reste qu'à le rejoindre dans l'autre monde. Ainsi le veut mon honneur." Et il fit, lui aussi le hara-kiri croyant ainsi réparer le tort et laver par son sang la tache faite à l'honneur de son ami en même temps qu'au sien propre.

Cette histoire, toute déraisonnable qu'elle soit pour des Occidentaux, est admirée au Japon comme un trait héroïque. Le samurai chevalier japonais sans peur et sans reproche savait tout sacrifier pour garder son honneur intact. Celui qui osait y attenter par un geste ou un mot déplaisant était infailliblement massacré. Autre pays, autres mœurs.







## EASTER REIGNS

Red is the flush of the breaking dawn,  
As gently she lifts the veil of the night,  
Bright is the gleam of the rosy morn,  
As shy she peeps from the mansions of light.

Grand is the rise of the flaming sun,  
Majestic and glorious in a ves ture of gold,  
Fresh is the call of the new-born day,  
As radiant in beauty she mantles the world.

Rich is the note of the warbler's song,  
As softly it swells on the wings of the breeze,  
Sweet is the smile of the maiden Spring,  
Arrayed in her robes of the gorgeous trees.

Thus Nature rejoices in her daintiest garb  
And paints with her magic the fairest hills;  
She showers her realms with the rarest delights,  
And joy in her heart with rapture thrills.

For Easter has come from the gates of the past  
To reign in her glory on the throne of the  
spring,  
And the morn in her splendor her greetings shine  
For Jesus is risen in triumph as king.

F. Clarke '27

## FLOWERS OF JAPAN

Oh, lovely little flowers,  
That deck this fair domain,  
Each hill and dale and mountain  
Proclaims your charming reign.

Amidst the ancient forests,  
You flourish silently,  
Where nightingales are singing  
Their sweetest melody.

You bloom in fairy gardens,  
Displaying colors bright,  
And everywhere your beauty  
Administers delight.

And thus in silent glory  
You bloom and paint the spring.  
Alas! that soon this beauty  
Should wither and take wing.

V. Kulikoff '27

## MYSTERIOUS JAPAN

Japan thou realm of beauty's shrine  
In mystic charms arrayed,  
Thy rare enchanting myriad hues  
Adorn thy wood and glade.

Within thy hills and grassy vales  
Where chants the nightingale,  
Enthralled by walls of sacred pines,  
Thy rites of old prevail.

## NIPPON VIEWS

BY

## OUR JUNIOR POETS

## JAPAN

O fair Japan, of a thousand isles  
And temples grand and gorgeous wrought  
By ancient hands now cold in death;  
Of battle fields where samurai fought,  
Now incensed with the blossomed breath  
Of cherry buds enchanting, bright;  
Of sacred shrines adorned with moss  
And shaded by the pendant white  
Wistarias—Where blue Pacific's breakers toss,  
Thy empire stops, but not thy glory.  
C. Price '28.

## JAPAN

Land of cherry blossoms fair  
Whose fragrance sweetly fills the air,  
And monuments with time grown hoary,  
Whose ancient forms are linked in story.  
C. Mahlmann '28.

## Fuji

Clad in royal purple armor;  
Crowned with plumes of snowy white,  
Like a king of stately honor  
Sparkling in the morning light.

Sable mists of early morning,  
Gently melt and fade away;  
Then clad in golden sunlit raiment  
Fuji rules the glorious day.

Now gorgeous evening's crimson blushes  
Far and wide are gently spread;  
Like a thousand fiery torches burning  
Fuji lifts his kingly head.

'Neath the tender silv'ry moonbeams,  
Slumbers Fuji dressed in white;  
Wrapt in mists, his loyal pages  
Guarding silent thru the night.

N. Didishko '28

Erect across thy mountain trails  
Thy crimson "torries" rise,  
To guide the pilgrim's weary steps  
To where the temple lies.

And grand amidst thy choicest charms  
In quietude supreme.  
Where Nature with her magic wand  
Subdues the murm'ring stream,

There's not a sound, there's not a note,  
Not e'en a birdie's cry,  
And only the sad and mournful wind  
Within the tree-tops sigh.

For here in deep eternal shade  
Thy glorious past abides,  
In the mounds that mark the ancient earth  
Forgotten Death resides.

And in the eve the pines above  
Are whisp'ring sweet and low,  
For only the age-old pines can know  
The tales of long ago.

What are the secrets that they tell  
When twilight shadows creep?  
Perhaps of deeds of valour won,  
Of glory now asleep.

Perhaps they whisper softer still  
The tale the night-winds sing,  
Of hearts that sang in heaven's cause  
"Oh death where is thy sting."

Thy past now rides on golden mists  
The days of chivalry,  
And on the present's gorgeous throne  
Still reigns thy mystery.

Oh fair Japan Thy fame is sung  
From rocky shore to shore,  
A mystic halo crowns thy crest  
To shine forever more.

F. Clarke '27



## SUNRISE ON FUJI

A glorious sight we contemplate,  
When roll the silvery mists away,  
Bidding the rising sun to paint  
In rosy tints, her slopes once grey.

S. J. Mutow '28.

## MT. FUJI

Among the hilltops high and bleak,  
Majestic in your grace;  
With a belt of clouds alone you stand,  
With your snowy head in space.

J. Walker '28.

## SPRING IN JAPAN

Cherry blossoms red and white  
Like fairies flutter on the wing,  
And woodland wrapt in verdure bright,  
Announces now the call of spring.

## KIRIFURI FALLS

Among the hills of far famed Nikko,  
Canopied round by silvan halls,  
In silvery ribbon forms fantastic  
Leap on fore'er Kirifuri Falls.

P. Fehlen '28.

## CHERRY TREES

White wreaths of vapor slowly drifting,  
Revealing stately rows of trees,  
Flecked in pink and snowy blossoms,  
Now greeted by the rising breeze.

A. Neary '28.

## CHERRY BLOSSOM VIEWING

Under the cherry blossom trees,  
In parties gay the people meet,  
Enjoying the white, sweet spring-tides breeze,  
Beneath the bloom of nature's retreat.

C. C. Lum '28.

## THE BUDDHA

Silent and solemn clad in bronze,  
Witness of ages, mouldering, past,  
When Daimyos reigned thruout the land,  
And wars ruled the day like a mighty blast.  
Silent memento of many a deed  
Of honest endeavor and dexterous art,  
If you could but speak, cold image in bronze,  
Things strangers to history you would impart.

J. Silva '28

## A JAPANESE CASTLE

Memoir of an ancient land,  
With an age-defiant air,  
Your battered walls bespeak the hand  
That once in might ruled there.

John Burke '28.

## NIKKO

Adorned with shrines and temples grand,  
By nature's mystic touch enhanced,  
I view the art of an ancient land  
As one in reverie entranced.

Jas. Henry '28.

## FIGHTING IN THE SNOW

After gathering ammunition  
Boys of valour stood to fight,  
Every one in his position,  
When the foe appeared in sight.

Scores of snowballs, soft and round,  
Whistling through the fleecy air;  
Some were here and some around,  
Flying swiftly everywhere.

One on Jackie's cold-tipped nose,  
One on Johnny's little ear;  
Whizzing past and down he goes  
Flying from his foe in fear.

Onward comrades true and tried,  
Fight to win this glorious day;  
Every one for his own side  
Quickly, fellows to the fray.

"See the enemy retreat,"  
Shouted little Jimmy Ray;  
"There they go on nimble feet,  
We have won this glorious day."

W. Fehlen.

# EDITORIAL

## OVER YOUR HORIZON.

J. F. J.

**H**ISTORY records the success of the valiant men who cherished an ideal within their heart, pursued it with courage and attained it with uncommon success.

There was a Columbus, who, - we know despite what obstacles - gave us a continent; a Magellan who pushed on until the world believed the earth was spherical; a James Cook whose restless search dotted the Pacific with numberless islands; a Peary, who, with dauntless courage, capped the earth with a pole; and now, there is a Nobile who has shortened the routes of travel over the roof the world. And, we need not stop with this enumeration for, in other fields, men urged on by fire in their hearts have achieved superhuman results.

James Watt, in his primitive workshop, turned out the puffing engines and the majestic steamers that today run and ply from shore to shore. Joseph Jacquard, in his homespun clothes, presented to the world the loom and its magnificent tapestries that hang on the walls of castle and mansion. The Wright Brothers, in their low shed, lifted man above the earth far into the heavens and peopled the sky with a whole progeny of mechanical birds. Kokichi Mikimoto, in his saline smelling shack, adorned the great ladies of the world with marvelous cultured pearls whose present yearly production is valued at a million dollars. Charles Goodyear, in his noisy kitchen, silenced the tread of human feet, and cushioned the wheels

that roll along billions of travellers. Dr. Graham Bell, in his silent and cramped attic, girdled the earth with wires and betangled the American continent with telephones to make seventy million telephone conversations a daily occurrence. Lee de Forest, in his gas-lit bed room, opened every radio in the world, brought entertainment to countless homes, saved thousands of lives on the stormy ocean and afforded the nations of the world instantaneous communication. Thomas Edison, in a dingy railroad car, turned night into day and little did he then dream of the 500,000,000 candle-power beacons that would flare across the night-clad continent.

Great men! They are. Each in his field was determined to get out of the narrow circle of daily routine. They set their minds on finding out what was beyond their horizon. On they went, step by step, advancing one way or another over and around obstacles that beset their path.

Their success is not measured by a life time or generation. They explored the trackless wastes lying beyond the commonplace and opened up ever-widening possibilities for those of a temper like their own to move in obedience to that restless urge which beckoned them on like a will-o'-the-wisp.

They were young and often could boast of only a rudimentary education. Their take off was mostly in the dark and they had to fly their



way from failure to success with indefatigable courage and constancy.

You, the former pupils of St. Joseph College, are as well prepared or even better than they were to lead forward, to guide onward, to discover new worlds, to formulate new ideas, to unravel the secrets of nature, to devise new applications. By your course of studies in mathematics, science, art, literature the doors of the possibility have been thrown wide open and paths that lead to success have been pointed out in the clearest possible indications.

## Mastering Foreign Languages

F. Clarke '27

**L**ANGUAGE study has always proved a drab and difficult task for students, and the general tendency among them is to cast it to the winds under the foolish pretext that they "will never use such rot anyway."

Why do they apply the term "rot" to this subject which they so foolishly abhor. Because they are sufficiently enlightened and experienced to know that; "here bloom the flowers of Wisdom and Knowledge, pluck them at your Grace's pleasure, and be forever wise," is good only in fairy tales, but never in practice. Because they are of those who regard the Mountain of Wisdom as jagged and high, and so steep of ascent that, faint-hearted as they are, they can never hope to reach an unattainable summit. They are no triers. They would rather that for them, the tree of Knowledge grew, blossomed, and bore all by itself! "Where there is

To stop now and gaze with complacent satisfaction upon past accomplishments would be tantamount to intellectual decay. Self-satisfaction is the check-mate of that kind of effort that leads to tame achievements. Be ashamed to quit; rouse yourself with the pride to attain some end—even if this achieving be the simple conquering of yourself in failure. Strive to get over your horizon.

Keep your hobby alive; put your heart into it and watch the new and brighter hue that glows just beyond your horizon.

a will, there is a way," is not for them. "Where there is a flowery way, then only there's a will," is more applicable as a maxim to the class of student slackers. Those who are animated with such a spirit can never come to anything in the line of achievement; they lack the stamina that make real men.

You know yourself that, when you set out to master a musical instrument, you cannot simply pick it up and command:

"Here instrument, I want to play you and you must obey me," and suiting the action to the word you start to play a classical piece then and there. "What an absurdity," you exclaim, and you are in the right, since it is common experience that it requires years of patient toil to become a really accomplished musician. So it is with foreign languages. If you want to have them at your fingers' tips, you must be willing to struggle

and battle your difficulties with iron-clad determination. Never get discouraged when an obstacle seems to have the best of you. "Try again," should be your slogan, and above all plough thru the long, weary drudgery of slow beginnings, for here lurk the dangerous rocks where your vessel will surely flounder if you are not a "trier" with a will in back of you. This is like a towering mountain that you have to scale, and the climb is fraught with giant obstacles, but when you have at last attained the summit and the prospect of knowledge acquired stretches in a magnificent panorama before your triumphant gaze, you will be richly repaid. Every achievement which we seek in life must be fought for, and language study is not an exception to this rule. And much of your success in any line, both now and later depends on the "trier" quality that you possess.

The importance of foreign languages can hardly be overestimated, for mastering one, it virtually creates in man another soul. It is the instrument that broadens the mind, and gives new associations to ideas which is the distinctive trait of the well-educated man. Moreover in the present commercial world where competition is growing always keener, men versed in foreign languages are constantly in demand, and it is just the linguist that will capture the promising opening.

The golden opportunity to acquire a familiarity with foreign languages is here at school where a corps of capable instructors versed in French, Latin, German, English, and Japanese are ready to serve you. Don't let it slip you, for it never pays to plant regrets and this glorious chance may never come again.

## Your Personal Time-Table

V. Kulikoff '27

**I**T is a bit hard to open even a few pregnant lines about that "eldest of God's creatures," the old element Time. We feel as if we knew ever so much about it and yet it is in many respects so intangible, so elusive both in theory and in practice. We know it to be the measure of all passing things that make up our lives here below; we know that it provides the raw material out of which to fashion our destiny both here and hereafter; we know, too, that every loss of time is irreparable since "time lost returns no more"; we know finally, that the most critical duty of life and one against which multitudes fail of accomplishment, is

precisely the good employment of time. We sometimes sit back in our chair and muse back over our by-past years, reviewing the pleasures we have had, the friends we took acquaintance with, the deeds we have done, and such like things; such musings are generally idle, and a loss in themselves; it were better to commute into the present gain by a survey of our shortcomings, insufficiencies, and defects with a view to correcting ourselves and so growing better in head, heart, character, and merit for heaven.

One efficacious little help to the good employment of time is a personal schedule. Man is efficient when he



utilizes his time, when not a minute is thrown to the winds. In order to be a better producer every one should have a personal arrangement for his time. Some men complain that time flies too rapidly. You often hear: "He has much time". Let me tell you that every man has just as much time as any other living. But the reason why some men have more time than their neighbors is because they have a system in the employment of their time. "Oh! I have fifteen minutes before dinner, I'll take a snooze," says a man who finds his time short. Whilst these fifteen minutes may be utilized for a better cause. Take for example Cardinal Wiseman who wrote his famous

chef-d'oeuvre in stop-gaps between the trains or whilst waiting for a dinner, etc. . Therefore, instead of losing ten minutes here and fifteen there, which in time will amount to hours, days, months and even years wasted, let us employ them. Just think of it, years of your life wasted, which means that every year lost, 8640 opportunities have escaped you. Men who use their time properly say: "Fortune smiled at me". It was not fortune that smiled at him it was he who would not let the chance to slip thru. Hence if you want to be one of those that never regret the time they have spent make a time table for yourself and follow it well.

## Campus Sociability

E. Breen '27

**S**CHOOL is a very common word but is very comprehensive in meaning. Thirty four per cent of the time of our early years is consumed in schooling. This time we devote to acquiring knowledge, religious instruction, bodily development, and social intercourse. Hence this common word school represents the sum-total of these far-reaching formative elements. Therefore it is hard to make out what could be more important than just this common thing, school. Though all the factors above enumerated are of capital importance, still they are so in varying degrees. Take for instance social intercourse.

Among the joys of our school days there is the one of the regular friendly gatherings. Whilst these are in session, one spontaneously forms acquaintances by whose intimacy

one is sure to be influenced. The choice of friends is one of the most critical self-services of life. When they are of true-and-tried type then, indeed, are we fortunate, for they become for us available sources of new ideas, of sympathetic help, and of surpassing pleasure.

As we review the pages of the Holy Scripture we are drawn to this alluring passage: "Nothing can be compared to a faithful friend, and no weight of gold and silver is able to countervail the goodness of his fidelity. A faithful friend is the medicine of this life and immortality and they that fear the Lord shall find him." (Ecclus. vi 15, 16) These beautiful words depict to us the value of a real and elevating companionship. When we venture out into this evil world surrounded by its dangers, temptations, and at-

tractions, we need be united to others in a noble and pious friendship.

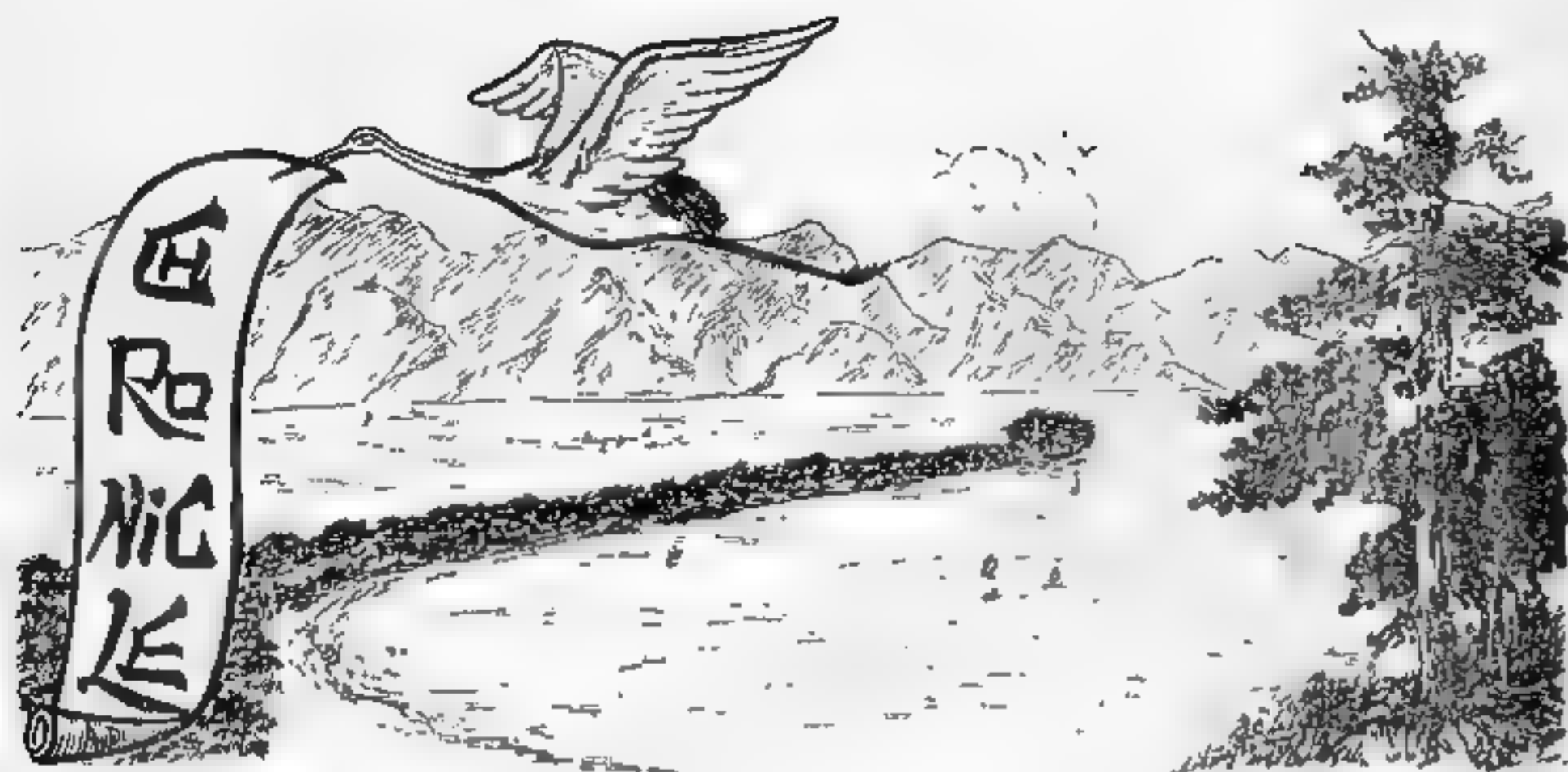
Our advancement, our happiness, our success, our life depends in a measure upon our relations; to be popular, to be admired, respected, sought after, depends upon our ability to make people like us, and people will like us if we, "Do unto others as we would have others do

unto us." When we learn how to dispense pleasing smiles, and cordial greetings, and when we shall have acquired unaffected ease of manners among strangers, we will be high on the road to social and business success. So let us not fail to utilize this splendid chance and commence our sociability right here on the campus.



The Imperial Palace (Tokyo)  
城宮 皇 天





By Ernest Breen

### Honor Winners.

The result obtained in the Forward Subscription Sales Competition is being published here to honour those who attained the highest selling points. The sale aroused keen interest among the boys. The successful winners are:

Frank Wertheimer, Juanito Planas, Fugio Kondo, Charles Boyd, Werner Papendieck (to whom a special credit is due on account of the high point reached), Yamada Kenya respectively from the six Prep classes, and P. Pow, Rustam Mehta, Joseph da Silva, Albert Dresser respectively from the four high classes.

### Visit to S.S. Sphinx.

Through Captain Le Men's kind invitation, the Senior and the Junior Physical Science Classes visited the French liner Sphinx on February 4th. Escorted by an officer, and accompanied by our Director and Mr. Janning, the students were treated to a general inspection of the whole ship. Even the Captain's sanctum, the bridge, was included in our inspection; there we were shown the use of the various marine instruments and the principles of navigation. This

was followed by a close view of the new continuous radio communication apparatus installed on the ship.

### Harley-Davidson Engine.

The Physical Science Class here-with thank Mr. A. J. Child for accommodating us with a Harley-Davidson cut-away machine for demonstration. It afforded the class a comprehensive and exact idea of the whole chapter upon the internal combustion engine.

### To Mr. A.G. Stephens.

For young folks athletics is the law of life. When a teener quits balling, biking, hiking and kicking he has not far to go along the trail of this earthly paradise. Mr. A.G. Stephens of the Y.C. and A.C. knows this very well. And so he has all along been a big brother to our S.J.C. teams and especially to the soccer squad. He is ever on the look-out to secure us games while the commodious Y.C. & A.C. campuses, thru his kindly influence, are as open to the home boys as if the grounds were ours. We deem it a point of honour to publish our thanks to this *fides Achates* of the Blue-and-White flyers.



**Werner Papendieck**, the smiling whirlwind campaigner, sold 18 subscriptions for the Forward, reached the highest selling point and outran all his competitors. He is successfully preparing himself for his career as a businessman.

### Music in the Air.

Since the old Quake, our school has been rather lean on music. Of course, on occasion we could call into requisition our kiddo warblers, who have good throats and take regular singing lessons, and when they get together one is quite sure to have sweet tunes; but then, there was nothing at all in the orchestra or victrola line. And so along comes Mr. Louis E. Gillingham and finds this out. Two weeks go by and there

is suddenly delivered to the school-door a large, beautiful Grandnol phonograph from the Nipponophone Co., Mr. Gillingham made a public presentation of this handsome gift by proxy of his son Lewis, who attends S.J.C., on the afternoon of Feb. 22nd. All the students assembled were given a concert on the new Grandnol.

From the way the kind donor went about the above act of generosity, we know for sure that both giver and gift entered into this charity bargain.

We have a big *thank you* forever engraved on the S.J.C. record of benefactions under Mr. Gillingham's name. There's music in the air and there'll ever be music in our hearts when we revert to this royal gift.

### College Patronal Feast.

March 19 was St. Joseph's day and the College just laid off in honor of its heavenly Patron and Protector. There was a special morning service at which the 4-part hymns for mixed voices featured. The good attendance proved that the lads had caught the spirit of the solemnity.

Due to the current national mourning, the old tradition of a dramatic performance, on this our big day, was dispensed with. We were very sorry to be obliged thus to restrain our youthful Thespians but there was no help for it. This will lend all the more enthusiasm for the next entertainment.

### Freshman Reading Circle.

Of course, we admit that a reading circle—whether freshman, sophomore or other—is a common-place thing; but that does not detract one whit from its eminent utility because air, food and sunshine are also very common things yet they are more than useful, they are absolutely necessary.



The St. Joseph College freshmen are going into reading a bit intensively because reading is of capital importance to every student worthy of the name. Intelligent reading is one of the short cuts to clever writing alias "compo" the old familiar.

We have got a fairly good assortment of reading matter, only it is of limited quantity. Whoever has any wholesome literature lying idly by and wants to dispose of it, why, we Freshman Reading Circle will do what the whale did for Jonas and take it in.

There is only one little condition we lay down for acceptance of books, periodicals and magazines, and that is wholesomeness. And friendly prospective donors would be surprised if this condition were not apposed because mental pabulum, even more than the bodily, must be clean and wholesome if it is to foster the soul's growth in goodness.

Freshman Reading Circle.

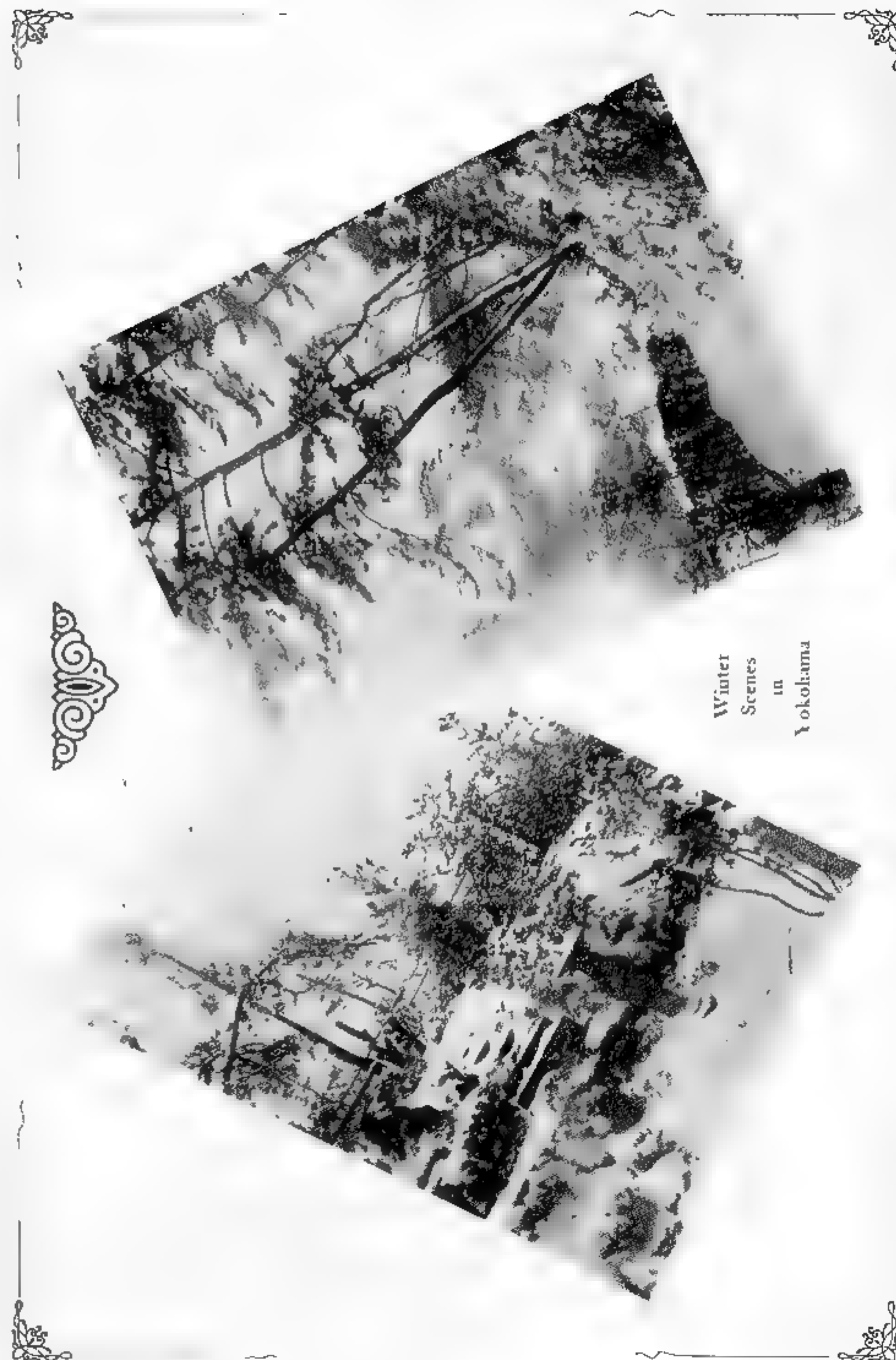
Address:

St. Joseph College.

### ADVERTISING CLUB

The Forward Advertising Club has a go-getter dozen of live wire members. Every single one of them is efficient. The corps managed the issue of the Easter Forward with real business-like tact. This is the way they fell into line:

						Points
Albert Dresser	...	...	...	...	...	730
Joseph da Silva	..	...	...	...	...	180
William Fehlen	...	...	...	...	...	176
Alex Neary ...	...	...	...	...	...	160
James Henry	...	...	...	...	...	160
John Burke ...	...	...	...	...	...	150
Clifford Price	...	...	...	...	...	140
Vladimir Kulikoff	...	...	...	...	...	113
Fred Clarke ...	...	...	...	...	...	100
Paul Fehlen ...	..	...	...	...	...	100
Sally Mutow...	...	...	...	...	...	100
Wai D. Loo...	...	...	...	...	...	80





## OUR FRIENDS STILL AT IT

Grateful acknowledgment is due the following S.J.C. friends:

**Bros. Rob Schuetz and Joseph Basta** of New York for another nice contribution to the library.

**Mt. St. John Associates** for a whole string of kindly helps and services.

**Miss Louise Kramer** of Dayton for subscriptions to several first-class magazines.

**Mrs. L.E. Sherman** of Elmhurst  
L.I. and **Mrs. Gertrude O'Mahoney**  
of Bantry for generously supplying  
good magazines to our Freshman  
Reading Circle.

**Miss Lyda Conroy and the Loretta Guild** of Cleveland for a box of chapel linens.

**Mr. Alwin Tapke V. P.** of Pustet Co. for a nice parcel of Christmas tokens for the children.

**Mr. Henry Hurst** of Louisville for a whole suite of back numbers of the literary magazine "Ave Maria."

**M. Louis E. Gillingham** of the Nipponophone Co. for a Grandnola phonograph.

The Notre Dame Sisters of Okayama for a good-sized parcel of pretty pictures.

**Bro. Leo Fischer** of San Jose for a much needed contribution of a delicate Ammeter.

**Bro. Ulrich Rappel** of the University of Dayton for the gift of a Hartl Optical Disk.

**Bro. A. Eiben** of Honolulu for a large number of pretty scenic views of Honolulu and a hive of bees.

**Mr. C. M. Holmes** of Chicago for a dissectable motor of which the Laboratory was much in need.

Bro. Seubert of Dayton, Ohio, for

a model transformer just—what we need for class demonstration.

**Bro. Joseph H. Carges** of Washington for another addition to our physical apparatus of a model derrick.

**Dr. Wm. Wohlleben** of Dayton for a goodly supply of Chemical Magazines.

**Bro. Julius** for a very liberal contribution to our little laboratory fund.

**Rev. Walter Tredtin** for a gift of instruments to the value of twenty dollars.

**Mr. Dresser** of Kobe for presentation of two boxes of minerals and fossils.

**Mrs. Joseph Deibel** of Columbus Ohio for a chapel statue of the Lord Christ.

**Bro. Alexander J. Ott** of Brooklyn N.Y. for a further contribution to the laboratories.

**Mrs. J. Niche** of Cincinnati for a timely gift to the new building fund.

**Victor Brach** of Hagenau whose gift will go into the new building for the teachers and boarders.

**Bro. Thomas Seebald** of Pittsburgh who added some optical instruments to the laboratory.

**Mr. N. Gausepohl** of Covington, sent a contribution for the Forward magazine.

**Bro. Theodore Pluemer** of Pittsburgh for his excellent contribution to the laboratory fund.

**Sisters of Notre Dame** of Dayton for clerical vestments and a selection of beautiful pictures.

**Edward Ostendorf** of Covington who sent a contribution for the rebuilding of the College.

**Mrs. Harada** ¥24.00 and **Mr. G. Jolles** ¥25.00 Mr. E. Cadillac fr. 50.00 for the Playground Fund.







By A. Dresser '27

**John Boyd** our scientist is now lecturing to the Workers Educational Society on the subject of "Popular Relativity." Keep it up old boy. We are certainly glad to see you so well up in the scientific field. Many thanks for your interesting article to the Forward.

**Dante Dentici** wrote us from his boat on his way to France, and says that he felt intensely home-sick. Hope it was not sea-sickness? He likewise expressed great interest in the doings of the Physics class, now that he is safe a thousand miles away. The "ad's club" miss you badly Dante! His new address is:

No. 7 Gabriel Valette.  
France Nevers.

**Iscandar Agafuroff** now hails us from the important chair of stenotypist to the Anderson Meyer Co. (Harbin) Iscandar is climbing into the limelight at good speed. That's the way: Go at it old boy!!

**V. Berlatsky** our wizard musician is now in Paris devoting his genius to higher musical studies.

He is famous for the II Yokohama Troop March which he composed while still at S.J.C. Hearty wishes for your success.

**Charles Remedios** recently found a new hobby in delving into the old pages of his Physics text-book. That's the idea! You don't know what promising doors will open at your bidding if you only keep it up. Write again Charlie!

**Gerald Jolles** is back from the States after a lapse of four years. He is at present in Tokyo, managing a responsible position in the Sales Department of the Frigidaire Co., subsidiary to the General Motors Co. He shortly gave us a look-in, and he had a rattling time with his former teachers, and some of the Senior studs he knew. There is nothing like going over old scenes, is there?

**George Weed** was recently awarded a Numeral for football at the University of Dayton. You're the boy! Keep up the S.J.C. spirit. "Congrats" to you George!

**Louis Horio** renews touches with his old school, and not forgetting his old high-jumping days, sends us three beautiful medals, gold, silver, and bronze, right across the ocean from Boston. Our thanks to Louis!

**Victor Robson** is now Secretary to the Institute of Engineers in Sydney.

**Howard Robson** passed a brilliant examination and secured A for 7 branches and B for 3 others. Such results place him on the high road for a scholarship at the University. **Oliver Guezennec** is the proud father of a baby girl Olivier is now in Konakry in Senegal.

**Mr. Feicke '14** lately returned from an extended tour thru Europe. While in Yokohama he called on his former teachers and was highly pleased to see Mr. Antony "still going strong" in the classroom. The Forward drew pleasing comments from Mr. Feicke.

## St. Joseph College Alumni Athletic Association

By H. Mason

### BASKET-BALL

Although but a few games were played by the basket-ball team, during the past season, the Interport Series with our Kobe associates brought this line of sport into the limelight, attracting much interest and favorable comment, particularly from the older members of our club, some of whom were witnessing their first basket-ball game.

All the Interport games were played at the new Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, the first game at 2 p.m. on March 20th, and the second at 4 p.m., the interim being filled in with an exhibition game by two Y.M.C.A. teams, and the final match was played off at 11 a.m. on the following day.

After losing the first game to the Yokohama team, Kobe took the second match by a close margin and entirely outclassed the hard fighting home team in the final and deciding match of the series, thus proving without a doubt their better condition and the superiority of their effective teamwork.

Stanley Dresser started the scoring in the first match, followed closely by Walker's goal in a nice pass from Gomes. Kobe pressed for a time and Schirmer's effective shooting soon gave the visitors a good lead, the score standing at 7-2 for some time. However, Walker soon got into his stride and found the basket on three occasions, while Gomes scored on and Max Fachtman made good on two foul throws. In the meantime Schirmer and Kinnes were only able to make one basket apiece for the visitors, Yokohama thus leading by one point at the end of the first half. Score 12-11 in Yokohama's favor.

Kobe again pressed at the beginning of the second half, Schirmer making three field goals and one foul goal, while Dresser found the basket once, thus securing a four point lead. Walker, however, was starring for the home team and shot three goals, when Max Fachtmann brought cheers from the Yokohama supporters tying the score at 20-20. With the score tied, both teams tightened up but



the elusive Walker again found the basket from a most difficult angle, giving Yokohama a 2 point lead. This advantage was short-lived, however, for Remedios of Kobe tossed a goal, which again left both teams on an equal footing, with but a few minutes of play remaining. At this stage, Gomes who was playing a steady game at right guard took advantage of an opening and passed to Harriss who shot the last and winning goal. Both teams fought hard during the remaining two or three minutes, and though thrills were numerous, no goals were scored, the game ended 24-22 in Yokohama's favor.

In the second game the visitors began at top speed and the Yokohama boys seemed helpless against Kobe's pretty and effective team work, the result of Mr. Fox's coaching, and the score stood at 11-2 before very long, Schirmer and Remedios tossing goals in rapid succession. At this point Walker made a beautiful shot, almost the whole length of the floor, bringing cheers from the crowd and Yokohama bucked up, scoring three more baskets, one each by Walker, Harriss and Fachtman, the score at half time being 16-10 in Kobe's favor. Both teams started the second half vigorously and although Kobe still held a considerable lead, the home team's rapid scoring towards the end of the third quarter and their fine guarding looked very promising. Yokohama cut down Kobe's lead to two baskets, but the excellent combination of the Kwansai team and the fine shooting of Jungers and Arab's marvelous long range shot put the Kobe team on the better side of a 28-16 score with only about ten minutes to go. Yokohama started a brilliant rally and Walker,

Gomes and Fachtmann shared honors in the scoring, all of them making excellent long range shots which baffled Kobe's strong defense. Yokohama rapidly piled up 13 points, against Kobe's 4, during this last period of play and the fighting was hard when the final whistle stopped one of the best games ever witnessed in Yokohama, the score standing at 32-29 in Kobe's favor.

Monday morning, each team with one victory and one defeat, turned out for a decisive match. Shortly after the game started it was evident that the superior teamwork and condition of the Kobe team was proving too much for the Yokohama five, despite Max Fachtmann's desperate efforts, the first half ending 14-4 in Kobe's favor, Walker being the only Yokohama man to find the basket. Although the home team worked hard in the second half, Jungers, who had been playing stellar basketball in all three games, broke up most of their attacks and with Dresser and Schirmer scoring ably, Kobe was never threatened in this game, which ended with a score of 28-12. Kobe thus winning the series.

A well attended Interport Dinner was held on March 20th at the Crescent Club in honor of the visiting team, followed by an informal dance at Nonaka's Music Studio.

#### FOOT-BALL.

Under the captaincy of L. da Costa, the A.A.A. were able to organize a football team and though a number of games were played, owing to the difficulty of securing suitable grounds and the lack of practice, this line of sport was not very successful. However, this year's start will facilitate the formation of a good soccer team next year and it

may be possible to hold an Interport match with our Kobe associates in this line too.

#### TRACK & FIELD.

This department of athletics is just getting under way again and it is likely that our Kobe associates will join forces with us in a meet against the K.R. & A.C. of Kobe, towards the latter part of May. While it is yet too early to form any opinion, our boys will no doubt find it very difficult to hold their own against the strong runners of the K.R. & A.C., but they should be able to put up a good fight.

#### BASE-BALL.

J. Koch has been re-elected captain of the baseball squad and L. Haum has been shifted from the manager's position to that of vice-captain, while F. Koch and W. Oberlein have been elected managers. Koch captained the baseball team throughout the season of 1926, when they gave a good account of themselves, and it is hoped that they will do still better this year.

In conclusion it would not be out of place to state that the A.A.A. is gradually pushing ahead and Manager Apar is hopeful of being able to augment our membership roll with the names of several old boys, which should bring us up to the century mark before very long.







By V. Kulikoff '27

### S.J.C. Opens Season With 5 - to - 2 Victory over the Alumni XI.

Passing Attack Wins the Tussle for S.J.C.

**T**HE St. Joseph College opened its campaign at the Shin-Yamashita grounds by defeating the Alumni Athletic Association eleven.

From the start the Blue and White attacked strongly and in less than two minutes forced two goals. After a ding-dong play in the center, a nicely placed shot by Clarke followed. The Alumni then tried to break thru.

Their left side put up a splendid run and scored.

The second half resumed with a fine goal by H. Fachtmann, who got the second tally for the A.A.A.. Then the S.J.C. lovely combination told its inevitable story and notwithstanding the strong wind the school acquired two more points, ending the match 5-2.

Referee-Capt. A.G. Stevens.

### College Defeats The Heavy Belgenland Crew in a Close Tilt.

Extra Point Gives S.J.C. 2 - to - 1 Game

**T**HE Belgenland gridders played a plucky game throughout with the exception of the first five minutes of the first period, when Ganin brothers exhibiting their best form scored for the school. From then on the Saints held down their husky opponents to the better part. But towards the end of the first half the Mariners pulled a spurt that ended in a well timed shot, beating Dewitt. The Saints had

little trouble in getting thru the half-back line and only the superior work of the hefty backs kept the score down. The Ship fought gamely and at times it looked as though they were going to tie. The last period was remarkable only because S.J.C. showed strong offense and several times threatened to score.

Score: 2-1

Referee: M. Moffat (Belgenland).

### The College Pulling Big Surprise in Second Clash with the A.A.A.

Another Well-earned Victory.

**T**HE Saints' success over the Alumni XI was one of the best matches of the entire season. The score was 4-0. The A. A. A. fought every inch of the ground valiantly. They were outplayed by Mehta, Clarke, Kulikoff and Turner scoring for the College without reply. The Old Boys, notwithstanding the

lack of practice, were a notoriously difficult side to beat. Some beautiful dashes against the strong College defense were brilliant at times. The passing and splendid kicking of the Blue and White constituted the backbone of the victory.

Referee: Capt. A.G. Stevens.



### St. Joseph College Loses for the First Time.

The Blue and White Show Unexpected Strength In Holding Down the "Empress of Scotland."

**T**HE match was played on the Negishi grounds on March 7th., before a good crowd of spectators.

In the first half the Scots battered their way to a 2-to-1 score over the fighting college eleven. The defeat at the hands of the heavy Ship's gridders was expected and the Saints proved stronger than figured by the public. The S.J.C. line performed half a dozen marvelous combinations

and most of them functioned well. Only the absence of accurate shooting affected the final score.

In the second half the Saints attacked severely and swarmed around the Ship's citadel. Few thrilling shots escaped the Mariner's custodian, but no result issued. The college backs proved the most brilliant defensive.

Score: 2-1

Referee: Mr. Cull



### Mantua Suffers Overwhelming Defeat At the Hands of the St. Joseph College.

Losers Show Good Fight But are On Short End of  
Score 7 - to - 0

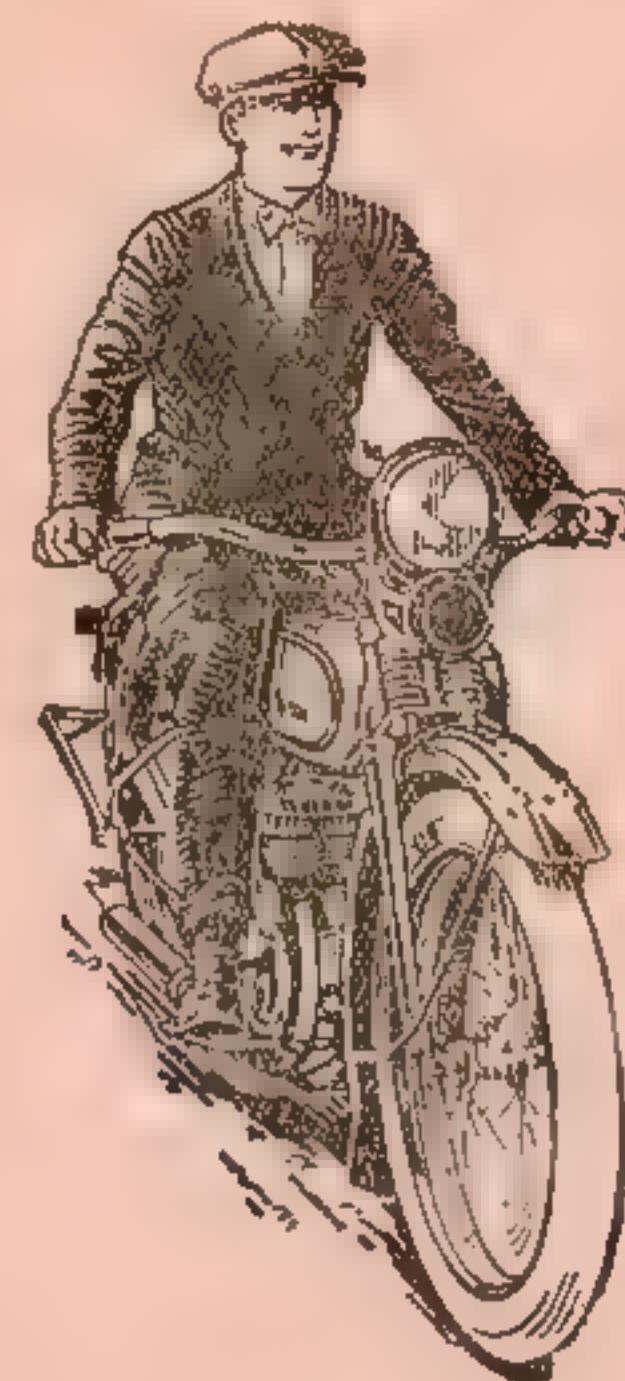
ON Feb. the 19th, the S.J.C. soccer squad gave a severe testing to the P. & O. Crew. An early start and a strong finish put the Saints in victory of 7-0. Although outclassed from the beginning by a superior attack the Mariners found nerve enough in every crisis to stop the S.J.C. men. The Mantua forwards could do nothing with the staunch defence of the College, whilst the wonderful plays on the front S.J.C. line swamped the Ship's citadel. Referee: Capt. A.G. Stevens.



### California and the Saint Joseph College In An Even Game.

Dashing and Sparkling Plays Classed Both Teams

THE S.J.C. eleven performed well with a great deal of speed in their attacks whilst playing a good defensive game. The Ship exhibited also a steady match, making a few spectacular tricks and looking always dangerous. The second half was but a few minutes old when California planted two goals. The College showed it's first signs of life immediately after the second score, and unloosing a crushing attack recovered its position by scoring three goals in rapid succession. The game became more even but just before the final whistle the Mariners netted one more goal. Score: 3-to-3. Referee: Capt. A.G. Stevens.



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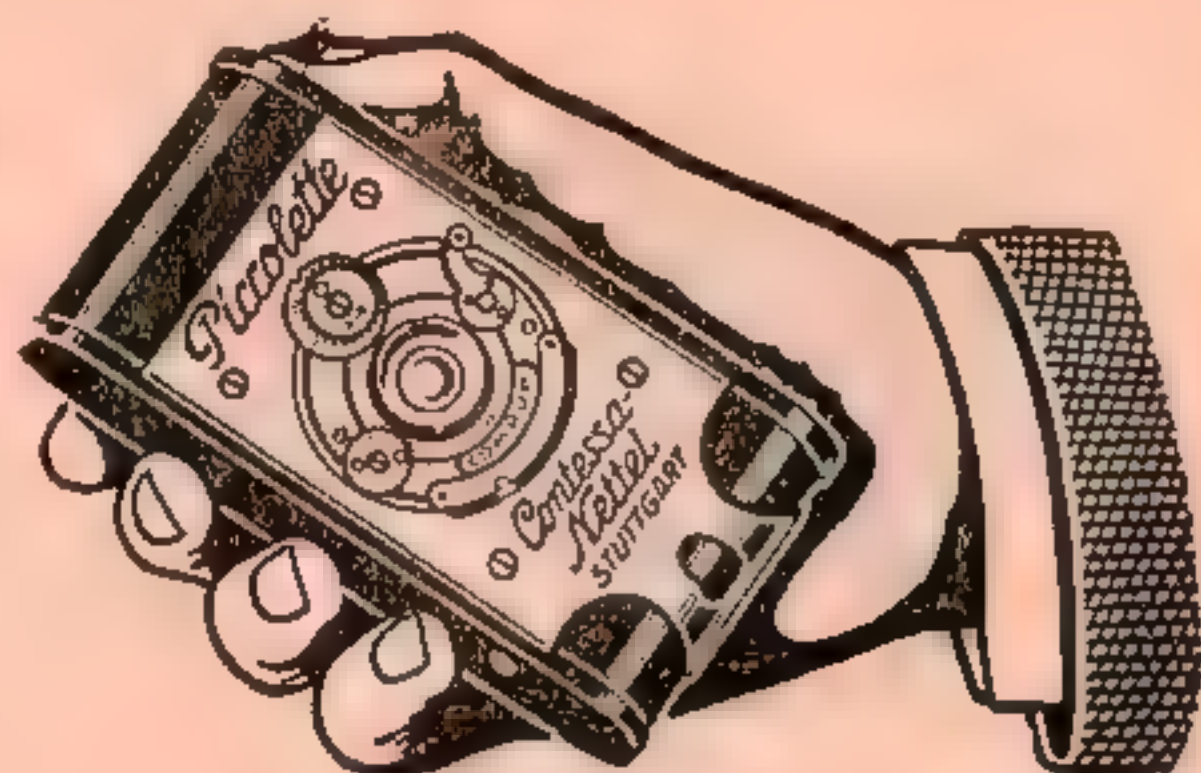
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## St. Joseph College Closes Successfully The Soccer Season of 1927.

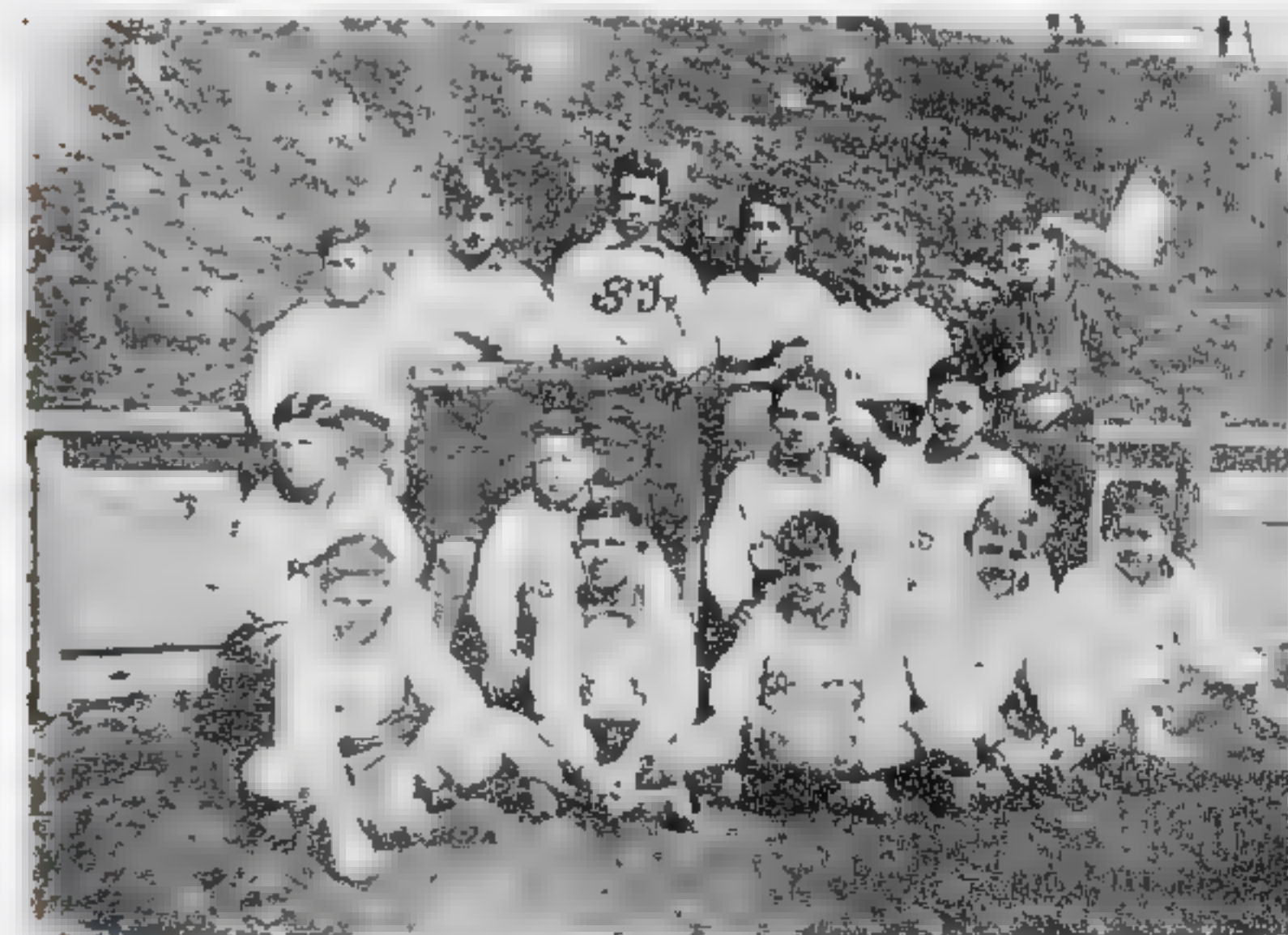
Macedonia Scores First, But the Blue and White Stage Great Comeback and Capture Exciting Struggle.

**T**HE visitors possessed a powerful offensive and their sudden attacks took the S.J.C. eleven off their guard, opening the score. Gathering their forces the youngsters started a raiding party of their own; a few corners were forced, followed by a twenty-yard shot by Kulikoff, resulting in the Macedonian custodian beaten "all ends up." The College lost no time

in making their second tally, netted by Mehta. The seafarers were dangerous thereafter and started many promising dashes, but in spite of all this, the school commanded the situation for the most part. Clarke, who was now working at his best, placed in the last point of the season.

Score: 3-1

Referee: Capt. A.G. Stevens.



The Undeclared Minim Football Team





W. D. Loo '27

Brother: "Marcella, where is your Adam's apple? I can't see it."

Smart Sister: "Why Marcus: I have no Adam's apple but an Eve's apple."

Patient: "Doctor, can you cure me?"

Veterinary Doctor: "Yes that is my profession."

John: "When is a hat full of bone?"

Jackie: "When you wear it."

Why are some singers like cheese-curd?—Because they need to be well preseed before you can get anything out of them.

Willie: "I wish I hadn't hit Jimmy this morning."

Mother: "Ah, you are sorry now?"

Willie: "Yes, because I didn't know that Jimmy was going to have a party this afternoon."

"I forgot myself to-day and spoke very sharply to my wife."

"Did she feel hurt?"

"Yes, for a moment, but she got over it immediately and congratulated me for my bravery."

A business man advertised for a boy, "Do you like to work?" demanded the employer.

"No," replied the boy. "Then you can have the job, you are the first boy out of a hundred applicants that has not told me a lie," said the employer.

Helen: "I can't understand why Pearl wears such loud colors."

Mary: "Why, because her husband is deaf."

When does a man confess that he is in want, even though financially well off?—When he proposes for another man's daughter.

### Balm in Gilead.

When the game to be played is of the class *decisive*; when the game once started, our team-mates somehow let the opponents start with a goal; when the home team, out of all consideration due it, is prevented from scoring while the others do score; when the home team makes up its mind and goes up and down between the goal-posts without getting too near to be dangerous for the opponent; when one or the other team-mate gets laid out and all the rest bravely battle on; when the umpire just keeps vindicating his rights, time runs out without the score's being changed; from 4-0 into 4 to something, and we parade home all keyed up over the really fine game,—then that, they tell me, is a moral victory!

Rah, Rah, Rah!

For S. J. C.

Moral, Moral

Victory!

"What charming necklace, Dulcie! How much did it cost you?"

"Only one swoon, and my father bought it for me."

I Don't Need Any Thermometer.

Mistress: "You should put the thermometer in the bath first and see if the water is right."

Nurse: "Why, I do not need any. If the baby gets red I know the water is too hot, if he shivers I know the water is too cold."

"One would never suspect that you and Paul are brothers. You are only half as high as he."

"Quite right, I am only his half-brother."

"Oh, it is awful. Yesterday I found a white hair in the soup and today a black one!"

"Why, because we have changed cooks."

"Is he your brother-in-law?"

"No, he is is my brother-out-law."

Mother trying to save her son: "It isn't necessary to send Johnnie to the reformatory, you must take him by his heart."

Bald-headed father: "Take me by the hair."

Peter: "You don't know what you are missing in basket ball."

Paul: "What?"

Peter: "The basket."

Dick: "What fruit would you resemble if you sat on a donkey?"

Harry: "A pair."

Farmer A: "Lend me your key today."

Farmer B: "What key?"

Farmer A: "The donkey."



Wife: "I wish I were a man  
when....."

Husband: "When?" interrupted the  
husband.

Wife: "When you bully me."

Daddy: "Why are you painting the  
inside of the chicken coop?"

Lady: "To prevent the chickens  
from eating the grains in the  
wood."

If you want to hear yourself praised  
go somewhere where there is a  
good echo and talk.

James: "What was Solomon's  
temple covered with?"

Pete: "Hair."

Alone, alone, all, all, alone,  
Alone in Motomachi,  
And there is not a boss to take pity on  
A green-advertising boy like me.



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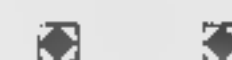
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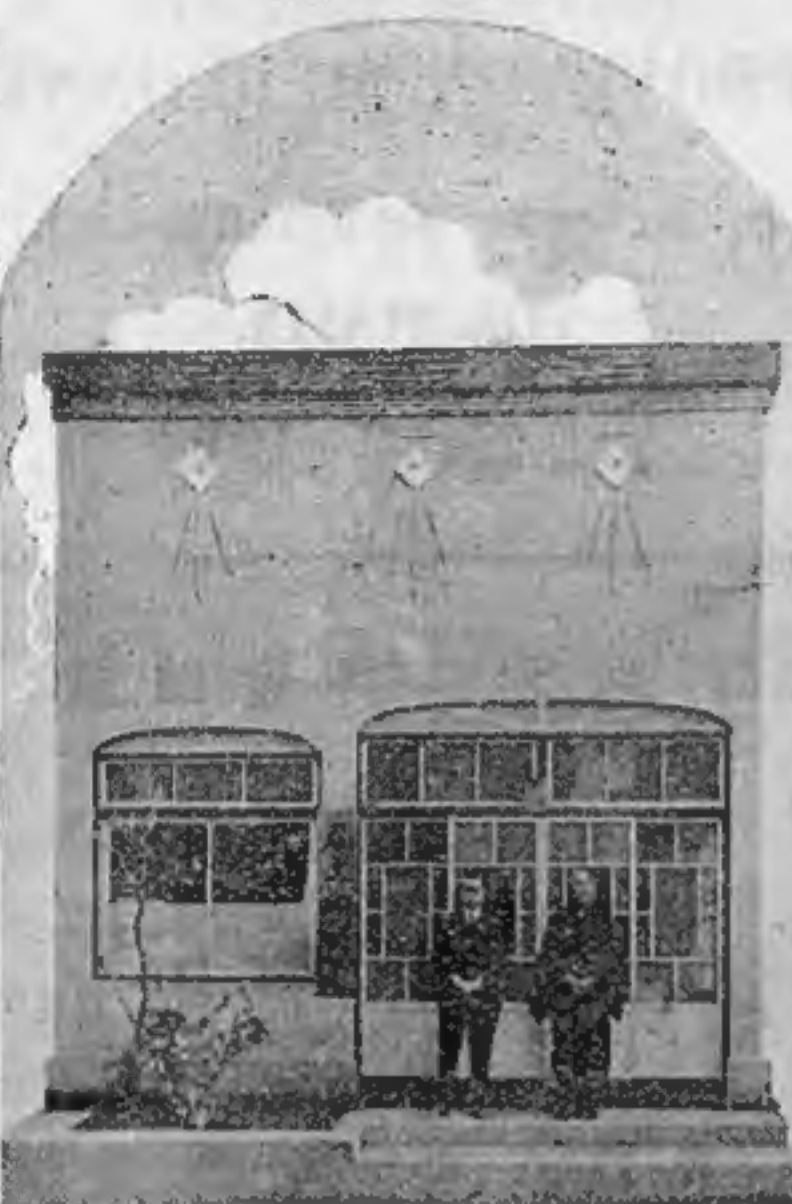
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